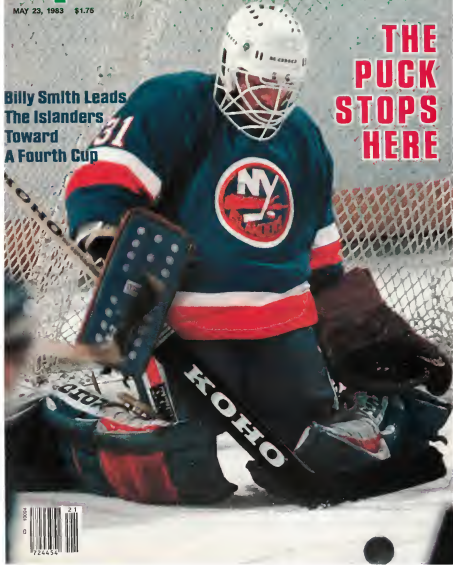


Sports Illustrated

MAY 23, 1983 \$1.75

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The Islanders
Toward
A Fourth Cup**

**THE
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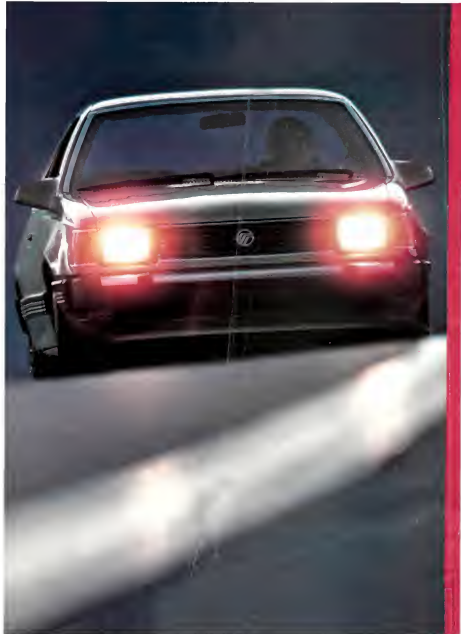
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



5¢'s AUSTEN: ALL THE NEWS WE PRINT HE FITS

When George Austen came to Time Inc. in 1957 as a typesetter, he couldn't have imagined that 26 years later he would be head of SI's copy-processing department, the Wiz of a bunch of computer whizzes.

In the '50s, copy processing involved 15 typesetters hammering away, manually adjusting each line of type, creating perforated paper tape that was used to transmit stories to our printer in Chicago, where duplicate tape was created. From its code, hot metal was cast. "Primitive" is how Austen describes that process now.

Eventually, a computer system was built to figure how many characters would fill any line, and it eliminated manual fitting of copy. Magnetic tape replaced paper tape and further sped up the process. Video display terminals were brought in. Today a still more complex system is in use. The copy processors "key" and fit our text and captions, and a facsimile of a particular page layout can simply be summoned to a screen for perusal and adjustment. When he's satisfied with the fit, the operator pushes a button and the page is electronically transmitted for printing.

And Austen, the soul of our new machines, says, "We still haven't realized the full potential of electronic composition. I foresee a paperless operation

here sometime in the future, everything on screen displays."

Unlike others who are wedded to or repelled by the idea of advancing technology, Austen has come to comfortable terms with computers. "They are dull and cold pieces of machinery until someone breathes life into them," he says. "For us, the real excitement is using the tools of the system to make a page pleasing to the eye. I worked on a story about Andre the Giant (SI, Dec. 21, '81) that was so long and complicated to fit that it outran the computer's ability to accept commands," Austen remembers. "I wrestled with that for 10 hours straight. When you become involved in a story you don't want anyone else to touch it." Like the most masterful tailor,

Austen finally got the giant a fit.

When not grappling with computers, Austen relaxes with his wife, Rose, in their Long Island Cape Cod house, where his amateur pursuits seem pleasantly old-timey. He owns 45 reeds of film, and when his three children, now grown, gather, he can entertain them with a Charlie Chaplin short or documentary footage of Queen Victoria. He is a gourmet cook, and to revive his long-dormant interest in another area, architectural design, Austen one day put a hammer through a bedroom wall. "Well," he said, "now there's no turning back." Set free by his desperate act, he proceeded to renovate the interior "exactly as my wife wanted it."

Of this craftsmanship, Austen says, "There's nothing like a good piece of wood." It's a simple statement, affirming him as our Renaissance Terminal Man. As computers grow more impressive and somehow more daunting in their intelligence, it's heartening to have Austen at the controls. He has a talent not unlike that of *Star Wars'* George Lucas: He can make machines seem almost human.

Philip D. Harkness

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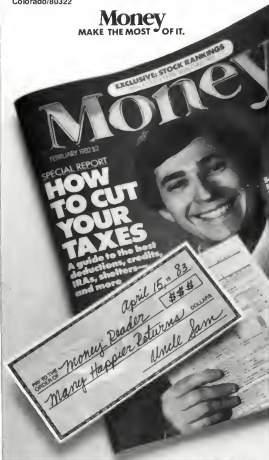
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PERSPECTIVE

by JIM KAPLAN

NOTHING HAS BRIDGED THE GAP LEFT BY THE DODGERS' EXIT FROM BROOKLYN

It has been 100 years (this week) since the Brooklyn Bridge was completed. Lost in the centennial celebration is another Brooklyn milestone of no little significance: the 25th anniversary of the Dodgers' departure for Los Angeles. The two events should be inextricably linked in our memories.

The bridge was Manifest Destiny in stone and steel. Chief Engineer John A. Roebling felt that his creation—the greatest technological achievement of its time—signaled the conquering of the frontier. If man could link Manhattan and Brooklyn, surely everything Out There, from the elements to the Indians, would fall before America's westward sweep. The bridge inspired engineer and artist alike, as the current exhibit at The Brooklyn Museum, which runs through June 19, attests. Poet Hart Crane described the bridge as "harp and altar." Novelist Thomas Wolfe asked, "What bridge? Great God, the only bridge, the bridge of power, life and joy, the bridge that was a span, a cry, an ecstasy—that was America. . ."

The great bridge also signaled the birth of a borough. Linked to the metropolis, there burst forth a wondrous community of neighborhoods and parks and, pedestrians beware, electric trolleys. Hence the name Dodgers, for "trolley dodgers," for the baseball team that became Brooklyn's most unifying force.

To our chagrin, we eventually learned that technology didn't hold the solution to all our problems. Technology could conquer the moon, but it respected neither the environment nor the soul. And when the Dodgers left Brooklyn, we lost our innocence forever. Love and loyalty, we were shattered to hear, were only so much mush to people in power. Almost inevitably, it seems in retrospect, the events that followed—expansion, divisional play, nighttime World Series games, artificial turf, the designated hitter—honored financial expediency rather than good baseball sense.

The building of the bridge was the birth of an illusion. The exodus of the Dodgers was the death of a dream. **END**



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Courtesy of ABC Sports

1981 World Series Game 1

Photo © 1981 ABC Sports

The best came last. The Dodgers [down 5-1 in the eighth] promptly scored twice and had a runner Jay Johnstone the team's unrelenting practical joker on first with one out and Steve Garvey the ablest Dodger at bat. Gossage fell behind him 3-1 and Garvey, in his own word, "drilled" the next pitch. It was headed roughly where Cey's liner had gone, but this time Nettles timed his leap perfectly, spearing the ball in full flight.

"It takes a little steam out of them when they hit the ball hard and get nothing," Nettles modestly suggested. Indeed, Dodger Manager Tom Lawton said the play of the Yankee infielders made him "sick to my stomach." *Pass the Broom*
Ron Fournier, SI November 2, 1981

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VIEWPOINT

by KENNY MOORE

ENDURANCE TRIATHLETES HAVE THEIR RIGHTS, INCLUDING THE RIGHT TO LIFE

We possess, declares the document of our nation's founding, the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. When you think about it, doesn't that last one kind of go clunk? Can't you imagine Franklin, the old printer and conjurer of Poor Richard's homilies, editing Jefferson's first draft of the Declaration, saying, "Oh, come on, Tom. What's this goofy 'pursuit of happiness'? It sounds like a joked-up license over a bar."

What it is, of course, is a license to be yourself. Jefferson left it in to bolster the case of eccentrics who might disturb the rest of us with their bizarre behavior. Force it a little, and it has a bearing on sports. In particular, it's something that should be kept in mind when looking into the new world of endurance triathlons.

The disquieting athletes who participate in this event have a perfect right to do so, not only the consecutive 2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike ride and 26.2-mile run of the Ironman competition in Hawaii, for example, but the daily six, eight, 10 hours of training that can render an athlete a vacant child in the evenings and thus force decisions on families and employers. One is fundamental: whether to indulge this seemingly compulsive behavior or to depart in wounded frustration.

These are the extreme cases, yes. But endurance sport is by definition a phenomenon devoted to extremity. Triathletes seek the final extrapolation, the limit to where you can get by saying, "Well, if I can't do it faster than anyone else, I'll do it longer. And if I can't do any one thing faster or longer, I'll do two or three." Granted, only the hardest competitors are acting this out. The rest of the pack, knowing there can be but one first-placer, say something like, "Surviving is the thing. To finish is to win." And so they do survive, and upon finishing are profoundly happy, as I can attest, having come near these regions myself.

But those striving for first place can

easily do too much, too fast, with too little sustenance, and thereby subordinate survival to winning. Especially when it's hot. Witness Julie Moss. In the February 1982 Ironman, brought to us by ABC, we saw her establish a lead, then in the final stages disintegrate and collapse. And collapse again, three times. The announcers, Jim Lampley and Diana Nyad, repeatedly exclaimed over the heart and the courage of this indomitable woman. Indeed, the moments were heralded in this magazine (TV/RADIO, Dec. 27-Jan. 3) as among the most dramatic of the year, perhaps because Moss was passed, heartbreakingly, as she lay within 15 feet of the finish. ABC showed it all again while covering last October's Ironman.



Watching, I knew what it was like for her. I was overcome by heat in the 1971 Pan American Games Marathon in Cali, Colombia. It was 80° in afternoon sun only a few degrees from the equator, at an elevation of 3,140 feet. At 15 miles Frank Shorter looked at the Colombian ahead of us and said, "He's sweating like a horse."

"So are you," I said.

Shorter looked me up and down. "But you're not," he said.

It was true. My skin was dry, despite my having drunk everything I could get down along the course. "This is either very good or very bad," I thought.

It wasn't good. (Dr. Gabe Mirkin puts it clearly in *The Sportsmedicine Book*: "(Once) you stop sweating, your body temperature may shoot up to 110°... at

this point your brain is being cooked and can be destroyed.") Within a mile the leaders had left me. I noticed, rather absently, how awkward I had become, how my back wanted to arch, how my heels hit the road before I wanted them to. My mind was made up, though. If I could not win, I would finish.

A mile later I was dizzy, as if bees were swarming around my head. There was no question of quitting. There never would be. Suddenly I was in the embrace of white-coated attendants. It was over, they said. They walked me to their ambulance, where I was cooled with wet towels and made to drink volumes of a mild saline solution. By the time we returned to the stadium and learned that Shorter had won, I was nearly sensible, though filled with ache. "You could have died out there," said the U.S. team doctor. "You're lucky those guys knew what they were doing."

That all came back as I watched Moss fall and rise and stagger on, with no one seeming to help. And as I was told of her courage, it didn't seem like courage to me. It was the simple keeping of a promise to oneself, to finish, to try. Endurance athletes are created by that decision, to keep on. But when they are in danger in the heat, the one thing that can kill them, then the outside world must interfere or risk losing them. It must know that courage is no longer courage after the capacity for rational judgment has ceased. It's only keeping on. It's what we all would do, we who have gotten ourselves into the predicament in the first place.

Knowing this, the Honolulu Marathon, in which thousands run, has nurses and doctors every two miles trained in recognizing and treating heat stroke and dehydration. All runners are exhorted constantly to drink, to sponge. The Ironman Triathlon had similar facilities, but where was help as Moss continued to stagger and fall?

Had I been along the road in Hawaii 15 months ago, and seen Moss in her classic throes of heatstroke, I would have embraced her as I had been embraced and taken her to treatment. Her race was done. Her condition transcended winning or losing because it verged on transcending life, without which the pursuit of anything is beside the point.

END



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Sideline

by RAY KENNEDY

STICKBALL IS THE NAME OF THE GAME THAT STICKS BY YOU OVER THE YEARS

Baseball is a dumb game. That's right, dumb, as in d-u-m-b. Understand—quickly, before the ghost of Alexander Cartwright seeks vengeance with a fungo bat—I speak not from the viewpoint of the fan or the player but the aspiring player. And truth be told, that's what many of the aging devotees who crowd the grandstands and bleachers really are: closet Carltons and crypto-Kingmans who would waive the rights to their first-born for the chance to toe the mound or tie into a high hard one.

But, alas, they can't, for the same system that nurtures youthful dreams of diamond glory soon conspires to prevent their realization. From Little League on, there's a continuous winnowing of the ranks, until by age 20 or so most hopefuls have taken their lasticks. Oh, there may be the odd sandlot game now and again and perhaps a turn on the softball field to keep the dreams alive for another season or three, but after age 40 about the only active survivors of the great American pastime are the Pete Roses and Gaylord Perrys of lore and legend.

The trouble with organized baseball is that it's so organized, such a big production number that its manifold charms tend to be lavished on only the most skilled performers. For every rookie who makes it to the big leagues each spring, thousands of other hopefuls stow their Louisville Sluggers in the attic and settle back to ponder, perchance to dream, of a game that anyone can play anytime and anywhere, right into senility.

Well, dream no more. There's such a wondrous all-purpose pastime, and it's called stickball. Dumb it ain't, nor stick smart either, for despite all claims to the contrary, stickball isn't necessarily endemic to urban centers. In fact, what's called stickball in New York, a game in which a Spalden, a kind of naked tennis ball, is delivered to the batter on one bounce, has been all but run off the streets by the growing flow of traffic.

What still flourishes in playgrounds and school yards throughout the city and

is distinguished by its telltale mark—a strike zone chalked on a wall behind the batter—is the version of the game New Yorkers call pitching in. In this one the ball is not bounced, and this is what is commonly known as stickball in the rest of the country.

Though the name pitching in seems to be unique to New York, the game's appeal is universal. Indeed, like love in the spring, the sport blooms eternal wherever two or more kids gather with a stick and a ball. A stickball league that operated at the Harvard Law School, for example, claimed players who learned the game in such disparate climes as Yakima, Peoria and Tallahassee. When I was growing up in Cincinnati, the game we played on a cement tennis court, between practice sessions of a high school tennis team led by Tony Trubert, was known as funny ball.

Whatever its regional appellation, stickball transcends all language barriers. While in the army, I joined some of the locals in Kamakura, Japan for stickball games played against the rear wall of a Buddhist temple, no sacrifice intended because in those precincts baseball is a religion unto itself.

In contrast to the strict dimensions of the baseball diamond, stickball is adaptable to all kinds of confined and asymmetrical spaces. Once, to demonstrate that point while making a film about the joys of the game for cable TV, the television crew and I staged a game atop a Manhattan skyscraper. In doing so, I had claim to the longest home run ever recorded, a stroke that cleared a large air-conditioning unit, sailed over the building's edge and dropped 47 floors into the communion of West 51st Street below.

All told, I've played stickball off and on for the better part of 30 years. For the past seven years, as a member of the Urbans—a team comprising myself, Big John, a TV sportscaster who doubles as a switch-hitting slugger, and Shorty, the editor of a humor magazine who's cut in the mold of Pee Wee Reese—we've been playing most Saturdays in a suburban school yard that is a 30-minute drive from New York City. Our opponents, the resident Bucobles, consist of Philly Joe, a social worker with a mean curveball, Stefano, a book critic whose stickball newsletters are small masterpieces of biased hyperbole, Boom Boom, a trial lawyer who says he derives "more satisfaction from hitting a gamer than any case I've

continued

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won in court"; and the Commissioner, an English teacher who laces his on-field patter with quotes from *Moby Dick*.

By reducing baseball to its purest essence, or what Ted Williams calls "that little game between the pitcher and hitter," our stickball sessions have imparted the kind of enjoyment that demands to be shared. To that end, here are the basics of the game:

First, no rule is so sacred that it can't be altered to accommodate the preferences of the players or the layout of the field. The bats, for example, can be of any length, weight or material, although experience has proved that broomsticks, spode handles and the like are the most efficient. The recommended ball is a heavy-duty Penn tennis ball because, as Big John says, it produces the "most soul-satisfying response when struck squarely, the kind of ripe, sweet feeling you get when you drill a perfect three-iron shot onto the green."

The simple expedient of eliminating base-running saves time and prevents injuries. Strategically placed fielders add a tactical dimension to the game, as does a variation in which, when the imaginary base runners are in a potential force-out position, a ball caught with one hand counts as a double play.

Pitchers call balls and strikes, but the accuracy of their rulings can be verified by using a slightly damp ball that will—*splat!*—leave an irrefutable mark on the wall. Any fair ball that hits the ground in front of the mound is an out; any that pass below the eye level of the pitcher and aren't caught are singles; and any hit over his head and not caught are doubles. Triples and homers are determined by the layout of the field, a fence or barrier of some sort being the most desirable target for the long-ball hitters.

And that's it. Hazards go with the territory. Once, for example, while attempting to retrieve a ball from a flower bed

without stepping on the buds, I glimpsed the lady of the house eyeing me from behind a screen door. As I tiptoed off, she hissed, "Grow up!"

True, there's something childish about men in their late 40s chasing their youth in a suburban school yard, but marvelously so. What's the fascination? For one thing, with double- and triple-headers that begin in midmorning and often extend into the late afternoon, there's the opportunity to go to bat 50 or more times, another boyhood fantasy come true. As for involvement, ask Philly Joe; invariably, when he's putting in a tight situation, he begins to shake off signals. Where others see only a wall, he admits, "I see Yogi Berra wagging his fingers."

Visions aren't a guaranteed part of the stickball experience. But fun? Take my word for it, in many ways it's more rewarding than that other, dumb game. Try it, you'll like it. Pete Rose and Gaylord Perry never had it so good.

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

COLLEGE ATHLETICS I

Last month the Associated Press quoted Dr. Gerald Gurney, Iowa State's athletic department academic counselor, as saying that 95% of the school's athletes read at less than the 10th-grade level and that 10% of them were "functionally illiterate." After the story broke, Gurney protested—and the AP duly noted in a correction—that he was talking not about all Iowa State athletes but about 28 football and basketball players in a single, and unspecified, freshman class. To be sure, the statistics for this group weren't pretty: 26 of the 28 read at the 10th-grade level or below and three of them read at less than the fourth-grade level, which some educators use as the cutoff for illiteracy. But even those figures, by themselves, obscured Gurney's point in bringing them up: to emphasize that Iowa State has a strong remedial program for helping academically subpar athletes.

As it happens, the situation at Iowa State provides a useful case study of the academic realities of big-time college athletics. As Gurney claims, the Cyclones' remedial program is exemplary. The help offered to Cyclone athletes involves more than 100 tutors, nightly study tables and remedial reading classes. "We make a commitment to the athlete," says Gurney. "Some of them are so close that with just a little help they can advance themselves—if we just give them the key to the lock."

Some of the results of this program are striking. Upon arrival in Ames, Alan Hood, now a sophomore and the second-string quarterback on the football team, tested at a sixth-grade reading level, and his grade-point average his first semester was 0.74, or roughly a D-minus. "I thought it was over for me," he recalls. But thanks to the tutorial program and his own efforts and intelligence, Hood now reads at better than the 11th-grade level and has a 2.97 GPA, a shade less than a B average, in industrial education.

As gratifying as such successes are, however, it can be argued that after recruiting academically disadvantaged athletes and loading them down with the time-consuming demands of college football or basketball, giving remedial help is the very least a school can do. It's also fair to ask why so many academically de-

ficient athletes find their way to Ames in the first place. Although Gurney and other Iowa State officials insist that the school's admission standards are the same for athletes as for non-athletes, such assertions are belied by the testimony of Associate Professor of English Dale Ross, who administers a writing test to most Iowa State freshmen. In any given year some 100, or about 1.5%, of the school's 6,500 freshmen are athletes. By contrast, it's Ross's "ball park guess" that of the 25 freshmen who typically might be considered to be "functional illiterates," as many as 10, or 40%, are athletes. The fact that incoming athletes are so much more likely to have literacy problems suggests that different admission standards are applied to them.

None of this would be quite so troublesome if more of these ill-prepared Cyclone athletes routinely showed the sort of academic improvement that Hood has. By way of suggesting that such improvement is commonplace, Iowa State officials maintain that the graduation rate among football players within six years of matriculation runs at 60% or more. But senior Linebacker Mark Carlson, who was a strong student from the moment he stepped on campus—he has a 3.22 average in chemical engineering and made the 1982 Academic All-America team—says he believes there have been a number of players on the team who still couldn't read when they were upperclassmen. According to Carlson, one way such athletes can stay eligible and, in some cases, perhaps even graduate, is by partaking of overly generous helpings from Iowa State's smorgasbord of snap courses, such as Geology 100 ("Rocks for Jocks"), Modern Dance I or Modern Dance II. "What do they do?" Carlson asks of the last two courses. "What the hell do you think they do? They dance. And I've seen it, too—375-pound linemen dancing."

Iowa State is to be commended for trying, through its remedial program, to make the best of the sorry situation that college sports has become. But it must be said that Iowa State also contributes to that situation by admitting at least some students less on their academic promise than on their ability to catch passes or shoot jump shots, by encumbering them

with sports-related commitments that, by Gurney's own admission, amount to "full-time positions" and by then hiding them in a host of soft courses. To say that other schools are guilty of the same thing is a sad commentary on them, not a favorable one on Iowa State.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS II

Another byproduct of the pressures of college sports is the practice of "running off," by which coaches strip athletes of scholarships to make room for better players. Usually a coach who wants to run off an athlete will claim that the player has a bad attitude, or he'll make the young man's life so miserable that he'll quit the team. But Dave Gunther, basket-



ball coach at the University of North Dakota, at least deserves credit for honesty. After 13 straight winning seasons, the Sioux fell to a 12-16 record in 1982-83, and Gunther responded by taking away the athletic scholarship of one of the players he holds responsible for the poor showing and reducing the scholarships of four others. Gunther doesn't pretend that any of the five had academic or attitude shortcomings. They had their scholarships eliminated or cut simply because they hadn't played well.

In other respects, Gunther's action conformed to the usual running-off pat-

continued

tern. First, he had several good recruits waiting in the wings for the scholarship money he was freeing up. Also, his action was perfectly permissible under NCAA rules, which specify, contrary to popular understanding, that athletic scholarships be awarded one year at a time. "What I did isn't an unusual thing," Gunther said. "Most scholarships are yearly things. If players don't live up to expectations, their grants can be reduced."

Gunther makes running off sound like the firing of an incompetent employee. Trouble is, the "employee" in this case doesn't have workmen's compensation, can't form a union and doesn't have the right to bargain for a higher salary or better working conditions. He can't even readily seek employment elsewhere; under NCAA rules, incredibly enough, even players who are run off must sit out a year if they transfer to another school. And the justification that scholarships are of one-year duration doesn't tell the whole story. In offering athletic scholarships, coaches almost always paint four-year pictures of what a recruit can ex-

pect; seldom do they hint at the possibility of a scholarship being reduced or withdrawn for poor play.

In trying to defend this one-sided situation in which the athlete has all obligations but no rights, Steve Morgan, the NCAA's director of legislative services, says that running off is subject to "a real-world check," in that the practice can hurt a coach's reputation in recruiting other players. But this check didn't help the five North Dakota players, who will have to either transfer—and lose a year of basketball eligibility—or come up with some other means of financing their education at North Dakota. And, oh yes, although he also had a part—in fact, by any conventional measure of judging a college team, the major part—in last season's disappointing showing, Gunther hasn't offered to take a cut in pay.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS III

Now that we've discussed college athletes 1) who can't read and 2) who get run off by their coaches, we move on to the

subject of Kevin Ross, who was still virtually unable to read or write after playing center and forward for Creighton's basketball team for four years and who claims that in his senior year he had to resist the efforts of Coach Willis Reed, who was disappointed in his play, to hound him into quitting the team.

Belatedly accepting its responsibility for Ross's academic failings, Creighton in effect extended his scholarship for a fifth year by paying his tuition at Westside Prep in Chicago, an innovative private school with a reputation for helping youngsters overcome educational deficiencies. After he enrolled at Westside last September, photos of the 6' 9", 23-year-old Ross in a classroom with seventh-graders attracted national attention, as did the news that he'd tested at the second-grade level in reading.

The Ross story now has an almost happy ending. On May 25 Ross will graduate from Westside Prep, and he'll take with him academic skills he failed to acquire either in high school in Kansas City, Kans., where he received a diploma, or at

continued



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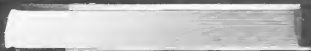
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Creighton, where he loaded up on such courses as Theory of Track and Field, Squad Participation (basketball), Introductory Ceramics, Photography and First Aid. A recent test revealed Ross's reading skills now to be at the national average for high school seniors, and he says proudly, "I know about Plato's *Republic* now. I didn't know who Plato was when I came here."

Ross's dramatic academic improvement at Westside demonstrates, as does the progress of some of the athletes in Iowa State's remedial program, that colleges could do a far better job of providing a real education to the disadvantaged athletes they lure onto their campuses. It also underscores the need to modify the NCAA's recently enacted Proposal 48, which starting in 1986 will make minimum scores on standardized tests a condition of academic eligibility. Such minimums would throw the baby out with the bath water, barring eligibility—and probably as a practical matter, the awarding of athletic scholarships—to many academically deficient students who need only the proper opportunity and appropriate catch-up help to succeed in the classroom.

Instead of Proposal 48, the NCAA should adopt and enforce proposals that will require its member schools to educate those athletes they now only exploit. Then we wouldn't have to qualify occasions such as Ross's graduation as being "almost" happy. Ross says he's considering returning to college to pursue a degree in earnest—he's thinking about the University of Illinois-Chicago or Roosevelt University—and he pronounces himself pleased with his academic turnaround, saying, "Creighton labeled me 'rejected,' and I turned it over, and I put 'accepted.' " But he also says, "This is no time for me to celebrate because I know there are a lot of people out there like I was." Ross will have an opportunity to expound on this theme on graduation day at Westside Prep. He's scheduled to give the commencement address.

OVERLAPPING SEASONS

Owing to the inability of the two bickering leagues to work out a scheduling conflict, the San Diego Sockers may have to start their NASL outdoor season even before finishing their current championship series against the Baltimore Blast in the Major Indoor Soccer League. Having

already once delayed their NASL opener, the Sockers, whose indoor roster includes most of the same players who are expected to be on the San Diego outdoor squad, now are scheduled to debut against Team America on May 21. As for the MISL finals, the fourth game, if necessary, of the best-of-five series is set for May 19 and the fifth for May 23. And so, it could come to pass that a team may actually start a new season while its last one is still in progress. Because of the lengthening of pro sports schedules, it has, until now, only seemed as though that had been happening.

OH?

Fordham University Baseball Coach Paul Blair started the following lineup the other day for a game against Long Island University: Vinny Ferraro, SS; Tony Russo, 2B; Billy Samio, 3B; Ed Napolitano, 1B; Mike Stefano, LF; John Blanco, CF; John Macaluso, C; Darryl Porfilio, RF; Joe Vanchuro, DH, and Tony LoBello, P. Is it a mere coincidence that the coach who filled out the lineup card for that game—which the Rams won, 7-6—used to play for the O's?

IRISAY VS. ELWAY, ROUND 2

There was less than meets the eye in Baltimore Colts owner Robert Irsay's interperate remarks last week about John Elway, who, you'll recall, was selected by the Colts as the top overall pick in the NFL draft and, after intimating he'd never play for Baltimore, was traded by Irsay to the Denver Broncos. At a press conference to announce the signing of Northwestern Tackle Chris Hinton, whom Baltimore acquired in the Elway deal, Irsay predicted that Elway would "never be any good" in the NFL and said that when the Broncos and Colts meet, "We're going to get Elway." As for who the "we" might be, Irsay said that the Colts had "also signed up a couple of boys this week who are looking for Elway."

The reaction to Irsay's comments was swift. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle reprimanded him for the threat against Elway, and Irsay issued an apology of sorts, saying that he hadn't intended to imply that his players would try to harm Elway. He merely meant, he said, that they'd "go after him, just like any other quarterback."

We don't know what Irsay was trying

to imply, but we're convinced that he was in a pretty confused state of mind at the press conference. After saying that the Colts had signed two boys who were going to "get" Elway, he told the *Chicago Tribune's* Don Pierson that Baltimore had already signed nine draftees. In fact, the only new player the Colts had under contract at that point was Hinton, an offensive player who wouldn't be on the field at the same time as Elway. Unless the Colts hurry up and sign some of their draft selections, the woefully out-of-touch Irsay may have to try to get Elway all by himself. And that's something he has already proved he couldn't do.

THE FIFTH TIME'S A CHARM, SORT OF

On the occasion of his recent induction into the International Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., University of Alabama Coach Don Gambril recounted how he'd been a member of the U.S. Olympic coaching staff in 1968, '72, '76 and '80 but had never been the head man. In 1984 Gambril will at last be the head Olympic coach, despite having undergone major heart surgery last January. Concluded a now recovered Gambril: "While I was on the operating table, I learned that there was no escaping a five-way bypass."

THEY SAID IT

- Ken Singleton, Orioles outfielder, after visiting President Reagan to help kick off National Amateur Baseball Month: "I was glad to go because I'd never been to the White House, and I don't expect that I'll become President."
- Edward Bennett Williams, Orioles owner, on speculation that Bowie Kuhn's help in negotiating baseball's new \$1 billion network TV contract might save Kuhn's job as commissioner: "It's safe to assume that a billion dollars buys a lot of goodwill."
- Derek Harper, junior guard on the Illinois basketball team, describing Coach Lou Henson's reaction to Harper's decision to make himself available for this year's NBA draft: "He didn't jump up and down and say, 'I'm glad you're leaving, Derek.'"
- Mickey Rivers, Ranger outfielder, before a game in Milwaukee played in windy, 48° weather: "It's so cold out there, I saw a dog chasing a cat and they were both walking."

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Sports Illustrated

MAY 23, 1983



The Islanders

Led by intimidating—and impenetrable—Billy Smith, New York took a 3-0



Go Four It All

by E.M. SWIFT

series lead over the Edmonton Oilers to pull within a win of a fourth straight Stanley Cup

CONTINUED

Since April 6, the day the Stanley Cup playoffs began, a photograph has been hanging in the New York Islanders' dressing room. It shows Toe Blake, the legendary coach of the Montreal Canadiens, standing beside the Stanley Cup in 1959. He's holding up four fingers—for

won five Cups from 1956 to '60 and four more from 1976 to '79, have had as many consecutive championships.

As for the Oilers, after getting better than six goals a game and setting 16 scoring records during the three previous rounds of postseason play, they were held to just four goals by the Islanders and their rambunctious, implacable goaltend-

best defensive team this season, the Islanders, and the highest-scoring club in league history, the Oilers. Throw in a matchup, often head-to-head, of the two finest centers in hockey, Wayne Gretzky and Bryan Trottier, and you had a final that had the hockey world buzzing.

Before facing New York, Edmonton had breezed through the playoffs so ef-



Despite being roundly chastised for slashing Anderson in the opener, Smith gave the Great One the same treatment in Game 2...

the four straight Cups that Montreal had won. Beneath the photo Islander General Manager Bill Torrey had written, "History is yours for the making. Let's put Radar in this picture."

Last Saturday night, Radar, better known as Islander Coach Al Arbour, was as good as standing beside Blake, four thick fingers of his own in the air. New York had just defeated the heralded Edmonton Oilers 5-1 in Game 3 of the Stanley Cup finals to move within a victory of sweeping "Canada's team" and, more important, of winning a fourth straight Cup. Only the Canadiens, who

er, Billy Smith, who flayed and played his way to center stage and was the single biggest factor in the first three games of the series. Said Edmonton Coach and General Manager Glen Sather after Game 3, "The slashing and chippy play isn't what's distracting us. Smith is. I'll say this: He's one whale of a goaltender."

That was one of the few reasonable statements that Sather made all week. Certainly those were the only nice words he had for Smith. But even all the vitriolic rhetoric and on-ice shenanigans could not—close as they came—diminish the drama of a meeting between the NHL's

fortlessly that many observers reported the Oilers were playing hockey on a different level from any other NHL team. In eliminating Winnipeg, Calgary and Chicago, the Oilers had won 11 of 12 games and had outscored their opponents 74-33. "We heard from a lot of different sources that Edmonton was unbeatable," said Islander Forward Duane Sutter. "Maybe because of that we prepared ourselves better mentally for this series than we had for any series since winning our first Cup."

Not that the mental preparation was difficult for Duane or his brother Brent,

who come from Viking, Alberta, a small town 65 miles outside of Edmonton. Losing to the Oilers would be something they could look forward to hearing about all summer. To add a little extra pressure, Duane was quoted in an Edmonton paper as saying his friends in Viking were "two-faced" for cheering for the Oilers while cowering up to Brent and him every summer.

Indeed, all of Canada seemed to be pulling for Edmonton. More than 14,000 names appeared on two Oilergrams in the local newspapers. The city of Moncton, New Brunswick—2,864 miles away—sent a 178-foot-long telegram with another 8,468 names wishing Gretzky & Co. good luck. Calgary, home of the hated Flames, sent best wishes. It has been 58 years since a team from Western Canada won the Stanley Cup—the Victoria Cougars did it in 1925—and the Oilers seemed that, in just their fourth NHL season, their time had come. Local businesses went slightly batty. Regal Furs by Marcus on Jasper Avenue dressed one of its mannequins in an Oiler uniform—skates, helmet, the works—right there beside a full-length silver fox. The lead editorial in *The Edmonton Journal* on May 10, the day the final series opened, referred to the three-time Stanley Cup champs as "these Bozos from Long Island." Even the skin joints bared their enthusiasm. EXOTIC DANCERS—NOON-6 P.M.—GO OILERS GO read one marquee opposite the Northlands Coliseum.

Edmonton's hopes were further lifted when, shortly before the start of Game 1, the Islanders announced that Mike Bossy, their goal scorer *par excellence*, was suffering from tonsillitis and would not dress. Said New York Center Buch Goring afterward, "When the rifle's not there, you get out the pistol."

The pistol in this case turned out to be

Duane Sutter. At 5:36 of the first period he pounced on a rebound left by Oiler Goalie Andy Moog and flipped it into the open net. Sutter's name, when announced as the scorer, was roundly booed. Thereafter, Smith stopped Edmonton cold—Gretzky, Glenn Anderson, Gretzky again. Kevin Lowe hit the post. Time and again the Oilers fired on

The tactic was hockey's version of the rope-a-dope—an experienced, patient team hanging on in the face of a furious assault. The Islanders allowed Edmonton to take long shots from poor angles, but cleared the rebounds and kept the front of the net open so Smith could see. Defenseman Denis Potvin was particularly adept at both tasks. No one was assigned



... and in retaliation, Lumsley (20) sent Smith sprawling into his net with a vicious spear to the chest.

Smith, but no one could get the puck past him. The Islanders were clogging the slot with three, sometimes four defenders, which enabled them to deflect crossing passes and pick up the Edmonton defensemen as they broke in from the blue line. New York did little forechecking, allowing the Oilers easy egress from their own zone but preventing dangerous two-on-one and three-on-two breaks, which Edmonton executes with deadly efficiency. "We tried to plug up the areas they use best," said Arbour. "Once we found out Boss wasn't playing, we went from Plan A to Plan B very quickly."

to shadow Gretzky. Instead, the nearest Islander checked him as soon as the Great One touched the puck. New York checked. And checked. And checked.

Smith was flawless, and the Oilers, increasingly frustrated, tried to force passes into lanes jammed with blue Islander jerseys. Edmonton couldn't buy a lucky bounce. With 12 seconds left Ken Morrow slid the puck down the ice into the open net—Moog having been pulled—to complete the scoring. It was the first time the Oilers had been shut out in 199 games. In a way, that final goal was unfortunate, because this was, in the very

continued

best sense, a 1-0 game and would have been the first by that score in the final round since Bernie Parent of the Flyers held Bobby Orr and the Bruins scoreless to win the 1974 Stanley Cup. Game 1, a gem, belonged in that sort of company.

Unfortunately, it ended up in the gutter. The next day at practice Sather began ranting about an incident that had occurred in the first period. Anderson had been carrying the puck behind the Islanders net when Smith swung his stick back, striking Anderson above the knee. Referee Andy van Hellemond properly called Smith for a two-minute slashing penalty. The Oilers, who were 0 for 7 on the power play for the night, failed to convert, and the incident was forgotten.

Until Sather slept on it. Suddenly he thought of a way to incite his charges. He demanded, and got, a meeting with John McCauley, the league's assistant director of officiating. Sather thought Smith, who regularly flails at players coming around from behind the net, deserved an attempt-to-injure match penalty for slashing Anderson, whose knee had swollen to such an extent overnight that he was unable to skate in practice the next day. When he didn't get anywhere with McCauley, Sather took his case to the press. "Smith plays like a maniac," he said. "He swings that stick around like a hatchet, and if the referees don't stop it, hopefully we'll have someone on our club who will eliminate the problem."

When informed of Sather's remarks,

Smith, who claimed to have hit Anderson in the arm, not the knee, and is never one to dampen a controversy, said, "Let's face it. If [Dave] Semenko runs at me and hurts me, anything could happen, and the victim could be Gretzky. If they want blood, ..."

Oh, dear. The NHL's model series was swiftly becoming "a lot of baloney," said Arbour. "This isn't the Ringling Brothers Circus. It's the Stanley Cup finals." Added Torrey, correctly identifying the culprit, "Sather was a yapping player, and now he's a yapping general manager. Nothing's changed."

Edmonton may be the oil capital of Canada, but the black crude that began to gush before the second game was ink. **PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1** was the front-page headline in the *Journal*. Underneath was a picture of Smith, screaming. The accompanying story, every line of which ran on page 1, referred to Smith as "Mr. Obnoxious," "Samurai [sic] Billy," "Jack the Ripper" and "a creep."

Anderson was ready for Game 2, and he played at his usual thrilling pace. "I really felt bad," said an unrepentant



Smith. "I thought the way they were carrying on they were going to bury him before the game."

The second game started in much the same way as the first had ended, with Edmonton dominating. Semenko finally solved the riddle of Smith by firing home a long wrist shot to give the Oilers their first and only lead of the opening three games. That 1-0 advantage lasted less than six minutes. Shortly after Gretzky hit the crossbar on a breakaway, the Islanders scored three unanswered goals, the second and third of which were flubbed by Moog. "I was brutal," he said later. The Oilers closed to 3-2 in the second period, but then the Suter-Sutter-Bob Bourne line put the game away with two goals in 38 seconds. Both came after Oiler giveaways in the defensive zone.

The teams traded goals in the third period, and with two minutes to go New York led 6-3. Suddenly Samurai Billy struck again. This time the victim was Gretzky, who was circling behind the net with the puck exactly as Anderson had done in Game 1. Smith swung his stick backward, hitting Gretzky in the thigh pad with no special ferocity, and the Boy Wonder crumpled as if shot by a dum-dum bullet. "Anybody else in the league wouldn't have gone down," Referee Wally Harris said later. On the advice of his



In Game 2, Brent Suter scored two goals to go with brother Duane's four assists.



Potvin (5) was crucial to the rope-a-dope tactic that the Islanders used in Game 1.

Defenseman Stefan Persson. A minute later Morrow scored, and the Islanders' four-goal third-period barrage was completed by Duane and Brent Sutter.

Said a disconsolate Gretzky, who had been held to one assist, "We've learned a lot from this team and the main thing is composure. We've got them on the ropes in the second period, and they come out in the third and score four goals. What are you going to do? We've played good hockey and had plenty of chances—hit two posts. We're just not scoring." Added Sather, "Seems like we're a fraction of an inch off. But those are the sort of fractions that decide championships."

linesmen, however, Harris gave Smith a five-minute major penalty for slashing. Goalies don't serve their own penalty time, of course, and during the ensuing power play Oiler Winger Dave Lumley wreaked revenge. With 36 seconds remaining, he speared Smith in the chest. Smith, who had seen him coming, fell like a doll whose arms, legs and head are all attached to springs, waiting only for the press of a button. Were it not for the time and place, Smith's collapse would almost have been funny.

Needless to say, analysis of the game was secondary to the vituperation afterward. The bottom line, however, was that the Islanders had won twice on Edmonton ice with patience, composure and an uncanny knack for not frittering away their opportunities. With Sather showing the way, the Oilers had come unglued under pressure. "How can you ask discipline of your players if you don't show it yourself?" said Eddie Westfall, a former Islander and now the team's television analyst. Said Torrey, "What gets me mad is that we had two great games, and because of Sather's blathering, the good that might have come from them is lost. When are we going to do something smart about our sport?"

In Game 3, on Long Island, the Oilers were looking to break free from New York's checking yoke. Gretzky, who already had set a record for most points in a playoff year (36), had only two assists so far in this series. Edmonton, which

had the NHL's best road record during the regular season, began strongly, but Smith made stunning saves on Gretzky, Charlie Huddy and Dave Hunter. As the first period was drawing to a close, Bossy saved a goal by knocking a bouncing puck out of the Islander crease. Just moments after that, he broke down on a two-on-one. Moog managed to stop Bossy's shot, but Anders Kallur put in the rebound to give New York a 1-0 lead.

The Oilers responded with a power-play goal at 1:05 of the next period and, for the rest of the period, were in control, outshooting the Islanders 15-5. Smith held fast, though, and the score was 1-1 at intermission. "Some of the forwards mentioned that we weren't forcing the Oilers at their blue line," said Morrow later, explaining the Islanders' change in strategy in the third period. Suddenly, after backing off for the bulk of three games, the New York defensemen began pinching into the Edmonton zone. The strategy led to the game winner, put in by Bourne at 5:11 off a rebound of a shot by



In New York, Sather (left) even took to yapping at the fans.

One of the appealing aspects of this tainted final is the feeling it leaves of a changing of the guard. The Islanders clearly are nearing the end of their reign. In the first three games they played virtually flawless hockey and still weren't easy winners. The Oilers aren't yet ready to take their place, but Edmonton's talent is only too apparent. Even the players are aware of it. Said Bourne, who was the Islanders' top postseason scorer through Game 3, with 28 points in 19 games, "I was talking to my wife, and I told her that the Oilers were going to win a Stanley Cup very soon. Maybe next year or maybe the year after that. I just hope it's not against us when they do it."



Not long after the Philadelphia 76ers' 104-96 victory over the Milwaukee Bucks in Game 3 of the NBA Eastern Conference finals last Saturday, Sixer Coach Billy Cunningham, owner Harold Katz and Assistant General Manager John Nash were dining at The Clock, a Milwaukee restaurant, when they had to suffer through an impromptu monologue from a Bucks fan who had spent too much time drowning his sorrows.

"Wilt Chamberlain would've eaten Moses Malone alive," the man began. "Mo wouldn't score a point against Wilt." Cunningham kept his cool, perhaps secure in the knowledge that even if Wilt were suited up for the Bucks and even if he *did* shut down Malone, he wouldn't have been able to handle Julius Erving, Andrew Toney, Maurice Cheeks, Bobby Jones and the rest of this marvelous team.

Such is the overall beauty of the 76ers that the Bucks could win but one of the series' first four games, 100-94 last Sunday in Game 4, which prevented the Sixers from sweeping them as they had swept the New York Knicks in the conference semis. And these Bucks are no pushovers. In the Eastern semis they had given the broom to the Boston Celtics. "We were the ones making the big plays against Boston; now the Sixers are doing it to us," said Milwaukee Forward Junior Bridgeman after Game 3. "We have no excuses. We did what we wanted to do, but how can you defend against every player or every play?"

You can't, which is the main reason why Philadelphia had won 50 of its first 57 regular-season games en route to a league-best 65-17 record. But despite, or perhaps because of, that success—and because the 76ers have failed so often in the past to win the league title—there has been exceedingly heavy pressure on this Philly team to win it all. "We're not going to win games by 20 points now like we did in the regular season. We don't expect so," said Cunningham before Game 2. "In a way it's been nicer to win

After getting 25 points and 14 rebounds in Game 3, Big Mo was smiling contentedly.

Big Mo And Little Mo Need One Mo'

Moses Malone and Maurice Cheeks led the Philadelphia 76ers to a commanding 3-1 advantage in the NBA Eastern finals

by ANTHONY COTTON

like this because each of our playoff wins has been different, and we've always been able to do whatever's necessary."

The man who perhaps feels it is most necessary to win this year's playoffs is Cunningham, who, despite a 395-173 career record in his six seasons, hasn't seemed to glean any real joy from his work. "There's been a lot of pressure on him," Guard Clint Richardson says. "You would think it would be fun coaching this team, but in a way it's not, because we have to win the title sometime."

"All along people have said that you really don't have to coach this team. But

a very talented bunch like this can be poison if it's not coached, because everyone would just go off in his own direction and the team would get messed up. Cunningham hasn't gotten his due yet, but since his early years he's gotten much better. The big thing is he has more confidence in us; he'll stay with us a little longer. Before he lacked patience."

That patience was evident during Game 3. Rookie Forward Marc Iavaroni was yanked by Cunningham with 5:59 remaining in the third quarter after two consecutive turnovers leading to two Milwaukee scores. "The way Marc was

When the going got tough, Little Mo—here taking it to Winters—rose to the occasion.

playing, then, I didn't think we'd see him the rest of the playoffs," one Sixer said later. Yet in less than five minutes Cunningham returned Iavaroni to the floor.

Such confidence-building moves have no doubt been helpful, but one shouldn't forget that the Sixers' march through the playoffs was preordained by Moses. As the Sixers trained for their opening round against New York, Cunningham asked Malone how he saw the upcoming playoffs. Malone rumbled, "Fo', fo' and fo'," as in three four-game sweeps on the

continued

way to Philadelphia's first title since 1967, when Cunningham was the sixth man and Chamberlain was The Man. But ever since Katz plucked Malone from Houston last September and gave him \$13.2 million over six years, he has been The Man. A two-time MVP who has led the league in rebounding the past three years, Malone ended the power shortage that had caused the Sixers to fizzle out in the 1980 and '82 NBA finals against the Lakers.

This season Malone quickly defused criticism that he couldn't play the Sixers' running game. "It's Julius' team; I'm just here to work hard," he said before play began. But it soon became apparent that Malone was Philly's most important player. Indeed, when Malone sat out the last four regular-season games with tendinitis of the right knee, the Sixers won only one of them.

Then, during the Sixers' week off before the start of postseason play, Malone developed an inflamed left knee, causing much trepidation. But he exploded for 38 points and 17 rebounds in the opener

against the Knicks and, apart from the first game against the Bucks—when Bob Lanier and a sagging Buck defense held Malone to 14 points—he has been a force that no one has been able to deal with.

It was largely because of Malone's presence that Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson said early last week, "The way I look at it, if we were better than them, we'd have won 65 games and we would have the home-court advantage."

Milwaukee's offense all year had been generated by the dazzling duo of Guard/Forward Sidney Moncrief and Forward Marques Johnson. In Game 1 in Philadelphia, Johnson had 30 points, getting 12 of them consecutively at the end of the first half to help cut a 16-point Philly lead to two. It took a spectacular steal by Bobby Jones of an inbounds pass and his blind pass to Richardson, who dunked for his sixth point in overtime, to clinch Philly's 111-109 victory.

Despite the loss, the Bucks had reason to be pleased going into Game 2. They had controlled Malone and come close to winning despite a seven-point perfor-

mance by Moncrief. Milwaukee committed 25 turnovers in the opener, but before Game 2 Nelson said he had taken care of that problem, too. "I told all my players at practice today that I have a size 14 shoe and that I will plant it up their you-know-wheres if they don't take care of the ball better," Nelson said. "Of course, some of their rears are so big that my foot might disappear."

Instead, it was the Milwaukee offense that disappeared—just when it had in Game 1—during the final few minutes of Philadelphia's 87-81 victory. And again Jones made the key defensive play, blocking a layup attempt by Brian Winters that resulted in an Erving slam that effectively iced the game.

"They've tried to slow the game down, tried to bully us. I don't know what else they can do, but they have to do something, don't they?" Richardson asked after the second Philly win. Indeed, a victory in Game 3 would be crucial to Milwaukee. No team in NBA history has

Jones, the 76ers' Secretary of Defense, beat Marques Johnson in this arms race.



ever come back from a 3-0 deficit to win a best-of-seven series.

Clearly Erving, who had scored just six points in Game 2 and two points in the second half of Game 1—following a 17-point first half—was due to break out as the series shifted to Milwaukee. To be sure, he had missed one practice with a sore left knee. Said Marques Johnson, "He has to be hurting. He's not playing like he usually does on offense. When he's at his best he just explodes on you."

It was Milwaukee that did the exploding in Game 3. Bridgeman, who had been made a starter in Game 2 to get some scoring going, but shot a ghastly 1 for 12, got 16 points in the first half as Milwaukee took a 48-45 lead.

The lead had reached seven, 78-71, with 9:57 to play in the game, when Cunningham leaped off the bench and called time, presumably to berate the 76ers. Before he could begin, Cheeks, who was out of the game at the time, gave Cunningham a slap on the rear, as if to say, "Don't worry, things are going to be all right."

Cheeks helped by going in and scoring seven consecutive points to tie the game at 78 with 8:24 to play. Then Erving, who would finish with 26 points, took over, scoring 11 points in the last eight minutes to ensure victory and erase any doubts about his health.

But it was Cheeks—the most consistent Philadelphia during the postseason, according to Cunningham—who hadn't let the game slip away. As in years past, Little Mo has elevated his game during the playoffs. His 18.8-point average through Sunday was six higher than his regular-season pace.

"In the playoffs there's a tendency for people to do things they're not capable of," Cheeks says. "Doc and Moses can take over a game. I have to do it by getting a steal and trying to pick up the tempo a bit. You know, work for it."

Despite the Sixers' overwhelming talent, Cheeks still tries to leave nothing to chance. During last season's playoffs he kept a rubber band around his wrist—just as Chamberlain used to—because the Sixers were on a hot streak. This year the good luck charm is the trace of a beard growing beneath his chin, another Wilt trademark.

Hold on a mo', Little Mo. With Big Mo and you and the Doctor and Jones and who needs Wilt?

by BRUCE NEWMAN

Kareem Was On Track Against The A Train

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's hotel room was dark and, with the air conditioner turned up, chilled like a crypt. Which was appropriate, because the night before, in Game 3 of the NBA Western Conference finals, Abdul-Jabbar had played in a cold rage after some fans at the HemisFair Arena in San Antonio had taunted him about the fire that had destroyed his Bel Air, Calif. house in January. Now, as he talked about the surprising dominance his Lakers were showing over the San Antonio Spurs, it was as if he was trying to cool some great heat within himself.

"Everybody wants to win," Abdul-Jabbar said, "everybody has that desire. But what's important is knowing how to sustain it without letting the other team throw you off. Sometimes victory is determined by fate, or just by the fact that you're stronger than your opponent. You win because you know what you want to do and you execute it."

And execute is just about what the Lakers did to the Spurs last week. With cold precision and an incendiary fast break, Los Angeles took a 3-1 lead in the series with a 129-121 victory in San Antonio on Sunday in which Abdul-Jabbar, productive as ever, scored 26 points. The Lakers had lost four of five games to the Spurs during the regular season, and in Artis Gilmore, San Antonio had one of the few centers in the league capable of guarding Abdul-Jabbar one-on-one. In addition, the Spurs were eager to avenge last season's 4-0 Western Conference final series loss to L.A. But while Gilmore did a creditable job last week, Abdul-Jabbar was consistently operating on some higher level.

It was a series that figured to turn on individual matchups, and the most intriguing was the one between Abdul-Jabbar and Gilmore. Before the series, Spurs Coach Stan Albeck had tried to relieve some of the pressure on Gilmore by insisting that the backcourt duel between Norm Nixon and Johnny Moore would be decisive, but that was merely a diversionary play. If the Spurs were to have



Abdul-Jabbar got sky-high for Gilmore.

continued

any chance against the defending NBA champions, the 7' 2", 260-pound Gilmore would have to successfully engage the 7' 2", 235-pound Abdul-Jabbar in a physical and psychological slam-dance deep in the low post.

There was sufficient reason to wonder whether Gilmore was equal to that kind of challenge. Though the A Train is the NBA's alltime leading shooter (.593), the Bulls made the playoffs only twice during his six seasons in Chicago. When things went badly, Gilmore had usually gotten most of the blame, and it wasn't surprising that last summer the Bulls shipped him to San Antonio for Forward Mark Olberding and Center Dave Corzine. "Coming here provided a mental lift for him," says Albeck. "All you ever heard about Artis before he got here was the things he couldn't do."

It took Gilmore and high-scoring Guard George (the Iceman) Gervin nearly a third of the season to get used to each other, during which time the Spurs struggled before meshing to win the Midwest Division title. "One of our problems early," Albeck says, "was that Ice would come down, throw it into Artis and say, 'Damn it, Big Fella, go ahead.' Artis didn't know what to do. It was the first time Ice had played with a center of Artis' quality, and he thought if he just pitched it in there, Artis would be Kareem. But Artis just isn't as skilled as Kareem is."

That was obvious after Game 1 in Los Angeles. Gilmore picked up two fouls in less than three minutes as the Lakers repeatedly fed Abdul-Jabbar down low. The Spurs were never much of a threat after that, losing 119-107. Gilmore, who fouled out with 5:18 left in the game, had scored only seven points to Abdul-Jabbar's 30. "This is hurting me," he said later. "I've got to play better." Gilmore likened his game to

"jumping into a car and finding out it won't start."

Albeck was so upset with the calls against Gilmore in that game that he drew two technical fouls and got tossed out with 3:53 to play. An excitable man who is known as Stanley Screamer, Albeck has an impressive repertoire of sideline moves, including the highest vertical leap of any white coach in the NBA. Last year, when Albeck was doing one of his routines, Referee Bob Rakel stopped to watch him. "You can talk to me, Stan," Rakel said reproachfully, "and I'll listen to what you have to say. But I'm not going to have you dancing on me." The Lakers had danced up and down on San Antonio in the opener—with Nixon scoring 30 and dealing out eight assists—but the Spurs were about to cut in.

Nothing that had happened in the first game diminished Abdul-Jabbar's respect for Gilmore. "I know that he's going to test me," Abdul-Jabbar said. "He's not a

flashy player, but he's very effective. If I don't do my job well, he can make it a very long evening for me. He's done it before." And he did it again in Game 2, scoring 27 points to go with 20 rebounds and five blocked shots. This time it was Abdul-Jabbar who fouled out late in the game as the Spurs won 122-113. Gilmore was able to establish his game early, while the Lakers—perhaps because they were too intent on running—failed to take full advantage of Abdul-Jabbar.

The third quarter of Game 2 was really the only time last week when Gervin was able to fashion any of his Ice sculptures. Scoring on looping finger-roll drives, bank shots and an assortment of floating moves, he hit seven straight baskets and a pair of free throws for 16 points in the period. He finished with 32. "Ice is still Ice," Albeck said. "People forget he's one of the very few people in the league capable of scoring 20 points in a quarter. If he's got the hot hand, everything is directed to him, and all we try to do is muck it as long as we can. He's hunting the ball, and Moore's hunting him."

The only matchup that was consistently hurting the Lakers was at the big forward spot, where Kurt Rambis and Bob McAdoo were getting murdered by the Spurs' Mike Mitchell. McAdoo, who had been a key reserve in last year's drive to the title, gave Los Angeles a big emotional lift in the first game when he returned from a three-month layoff caused by a toe injury. But McAdoo was unable to get his feathery jumper off cleanly—he shot 6 for 19 in the first two games—and even after a 6-for-11 performance in Game 3 he remained frustrated. "Physically, I'm too far behind," the Doo moaned. "It's going to be a struggle."

Before the series began, L.A. Coach Pat Riley had figured that Mitchell's 45-pound weight advantage over sixth-man Michael Cooper meant the Lakers would have to depend on the slower but beefier Rambis to shut Mitchell off.

continued



Ice creamed Kareem in Game 2 and wound up with 32 points.

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McAdoo's return helped, but in Game 2 Mitchell lit up Los Angeles for 27 points and 16 rebounds. Most alarming to the Lakers was the fact that Mitchell got most of his baskets while San Antonio was running rings around what one Spur now contemptuously called "the vaunted L.A. fast break." The Lakers knew what they had to do to get back on their game as the series moved to San Antonio. "Ice is going to get his points," said Nixon, "but if we can control Mitchell, we can contain their running game."

In Game 3 Mitchell started uncontrollably. He scored 12 points in the first quarter before foul trouble cooled him down, but L.A. still trailed by one at the half, despite having limited Gervin to a single shot in the second quarter and Gilmore to three. Jamal Wilkes, who was preoccupied with guarding the Iceman, didn't even get off a shot until 4:10 remained in the first quarter, and when he missed it, it appeared as if he were headed for another mediocre shooting performance. He'd been 13 for 32 from the field in the first two games.

In the locker room at halftime, Riley reluctantly decided to start the second half with Cooper on Mitchell, also hoping to inject some life into the Lakers' running game with a trapping, halfcourt defense. The strategy worked immediately; Cooper made two of his five steals that night during the first two minutes of the third quarter, and Wilkes converted three fast-break layups and a pair of free throws in less than five minutes for a 66-57 Los Angeles lead. The Lakers got 19 points during the third period from their running game alone—they would finish with a stunning 51 for the night—and Cooper simply turned the game around with his defensive work. Mitchell was flustered, but impressed. "Whenever I got the ball I felt good," Mitchell said, "but he wouldn't let me have it. If I ran out to get it, he ran out with me. I don't think he even cared about rebounding; he was just assigned to me."

Twice the Spurs seemed to be on the verge of breaking the Lakers' momentum with rallies of their own, but they were repelled. Abdul-Jabbar, who would score 25 points, crushed one surge with a left-handed jump skyhook when San Antonio drew to within three with 8:07 left in the third period. Then when the Spurs were within seven points with 2:04 left, Nixon

drilled a three-pointer as the shot clock expired. Cooper followed with a three-point play off the most scintillating fast break of the evening—the ball going from Cooper to Magic Johnson to Nixon to Cooper without ever touching the floor. "That stretch," Cooper said, "re-

Game 3 Moore was horrendous, failing to get the ball to Gilmore (13 shots) and Gervin (12) while shooting 4 for 18 himself. "When that happens," Mitchell said, "it makes us think, why ain't Ice getting the ball?" Nixon, meanwhile, had 22 points and 11 assists, and Moore had to



This block was one of the things Cooper (left) used to cool off Mitchell in Game 3.

mind me of the four games we played the Spurs last year," Wilkes also regained his shooting touch, hitting 11 of 21 from the field (he would bang home 12 of 19 in Game 4) for 26 points.

Moore had been able to hold his own against Nixon through the first two games, after having been dominated so thoroughly by him last season that the Lakers began calling him "Johnny Nixon," as if he were Norman's son. But in

leave the game because of a bruised left calf muscle.

Nixon added 13 points in Game 4, bringing his average for the series to 23.2 points, and Johnson scored 31 and had 17 assists. Gervin had another subpar game, shooting 9 for 22 from the field for 20 points. "We thought we could get two out of this home stand," Mitchell had said. San Antonio got two all right—in its face.

END

I'm not sure I like playing football in the spring. I still think of it as a fall sport.

So spoke the Himself of spring football last week—the USFL's centerpiece star, Herschel Walker. In expressing his own sense of displacement and vague discontent, he was speaking for millions of American football fans who apparently are also not sure they like football in the spring. Walker's remarks were underlined in bleak fashion the very night

after he uttered them. His New Jersey Generals played the Birmingham Stallions and suffered their seventh loss in 10 games. Walker, who fell flat in his ballyhooed pro debut back in March and then exploded in an amazing streak of five games, during which he averaged 152.4 yards and took the league's rushing lead, suffered even greater humiliation by gaining a scant 28 yards in 11 carries against the Stallions. Except for one game at Georgia when he had a broken thumb, this was the lowest total of Walker's life.

Football: A Rite Or Wrong



You really can't blame that dismal performance entirely on the fact that the game was played in May instead of November. However, there's a question abroad in the land as to whether the whole idea of the USFL's Other Season is working any better than Walker did against Birmingham. Though the league is now entering only its 12th week, a lot of folks have been quick to answer in the negative. Particularly newspaper people such as Rocky Mountain News columnist Dick Connor, who wrote, "Bo-ring. The numbers are slip-

ping, and as the weather warms, it could get worse. The USFL is suffering from a serious lack of interest." And John Schulan of the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "Would someone please tell me why the USFL hasn't vanished in the night like a platoon of shady rug merchants working out of the trunks of their cars?" What we're talking about here is terminal anonymity." And Glenn Sheeley of *The Atlanta Journal*: "People aren't talking about why they dislike USFL games. That's the problem. They aren't talking at all."

Of Spring?

Warm weather is here and attendance and TV ratings are falling, but the USFL is hardly withering

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

The funeral drums for the USFL beat louder every day. Given the grave statistical signs that have suddenly popped up, the situation does look deadly. Take television. The league's opening Sunday games, on ABC March 6, found the USFL riding a wave of national curiosity, primarily because of the signing of Walker 12 days before. That afternoon produced a spectacular rating of 14.2 (the percentage of all TV homes in the U.S. tuned to the games) and a share of 33 (the percentage of the TV sets on at the time that were tuned to the USFL). That was only a little less than an average NFL rating on CBS—16.5 last year. Since that first starburst statistic, ABC's Sunday game ratings and share have fallen steadily, dropping to 7.4/21 the second Sunday and to 5.0/14 on May 1 and a horrendous 4.2/12 on May 8, the most recent date for which national figures are available. ESPN, which beams prime-time games every Saturday and Monday, started with a 5.0 rating (extremely good for cable) and had a 2.2 last week, which, in fact, isn't bad.

As for attendance, again there's a falling barometer. The league totaled 235,023 the first week, a whopping 39,171 per stadium. Since then crowds have dwindled and dwindled. Games of the 10th week drew 128,059, a relatively pitiful average of 21,343 per game.

What's going on here? And, more important, what's going to go on next? Is the fate of the USFL already sealed? Well, if an early demise is the prognosis, the victim is certainly unaware of the seriousness of the illness. Chet Simmons, 54, the peripatetic former TV sports executive (ABC, NBC and ESPN) who was named USFL commissioner last summer, says, "When people ask me what's wrong with the league, I say, 'Well, it's not *My Fair Lady* but it's not *The Ugly Duckling*' either." Look, it's barely a year since formation of the league was even announced. Then ABC said it would cover us, then ESPN, then we hired name coaches, then we held the draft, then we signed Herschel—the timing was terrific. We were building up to the start of the season with incredible momentum. But the problem was that things were going too well. People expected the child to be born a full-grown adult. It didn't happen. This operation is in its infancy. People simply have been expecting too much."

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Walker has found carrying the league is no easy chore.

THE USFL continued

Last week, even in the face of those ugly-duckling numbers, everyone with a stake in the USFL—from Simmons to the owners to the players to the folks at ABC and ESPN—everyone claimed that none of those numbers were as catastrophic as they seemed. Take the falling TV ratings. Jim Spence, ABC Sports senior vice-president, says with utmost tranquility: "In the spring, ratings always fall. People go outside more as the weather gets better. There's no way to generate audience levels in spring and summer as we do in the fall. I can tell you now that our ratings will not go up in the last six or seven weeks of the regular season."

Despite the continuing drop, ABC's ratings for the first 10 weeks of the season averaged a relatively heavy 7.0. Even throwing out the monster rating of 14.2 that first big day, the network still boasts a respectable 6.7 for its Sunday afternoon football telecasts. By comparison, the same ABC time period on Sundays last year, pre-USFL, pulled a 5.6 average rating in March and April for a mix of sports events and shows such as *Supervisors*. Then, bearing out Spence's thesis, the average fell in May, June and early July to a tepid 4.1. This year the NBA playoffs on CBS on Sunday afternoons through May 8 had been averaging 8.0, baseball 6.2 on NBC

on Saturdays. At this point it seems very unlikely that USFL average ratings will fall below a mid-6 for the year—particularly with the expected rise in fan interest for the playoffs and the championship game in July. That's better than expected. ABC predicted an average 5 rating when it set its rate in selling commercial time to advertisers at \$30,000 per 30-second spot. The network will make a profit on that figure and be able to raise its rate next season.

And what of ESPN's numbers? In cable television, a 2.0 rating is considered a sweet reward in prime time. Not sensational but very good. ESPN's ratings have ranged from a high of 5.3 (both on March 21 and April 25) to a low of 2.2 on May 7. As Scotty Connal, chief operating officer of ESPN, says, "Our live USFL telecasts rank as the highest regular programming on ESPN, and our 3.6 average almost doubles the rating average of all our prime-time programming."

And attendance? Simmons speaks with the optimism that his job requires. "Statistically, we are a success already. We have attracted more than a million and a half fans. I said when this thing started that if we were able to average 25,000 people per game this first year, we would be in good shape. For our first 10 weeks we averaged 25,377. If we start falling below a 25,000 average, O.K., it may show a problem. Look, if we were drawing, say, 5,000 to the average game and we were pulling 2 ratings on TV—then we might consider this a failure. But not now, not when we're doing better than any of us ever thought."

One thing that has hurt attendance is the ABC contract, which gave the league such a formidable boost in its formative days. The deal provides for no TV blackouts for any home games, and this automatically undermines the stadium turnout. In Chicago, where the Blitz has produced a crazy disparate attendance pattern, ranging from a mere 10,936 in a March rain and sleet storm to 32,182 against the Generals, the team has had four of its last five home games on TV and is averaging 19,323 at the gate. Blitz President Ted Diethrich says, "The blackout is our problem. The network's position is: 'What you really want are visibility and exposure, don't worry about what happens at the stadium.' Our position is, yes, we do want visibility, but it would be nice to have fans in the seats, too."

The non-blackout provision was something the league itself suggested to ABC, Simmons says with a shrug. "We have to suck it up and do it. TV sells your product. The more people who see teams on TV, the more will become season-ticket buyers. It's the best promotional medium ever invented." However, USFL projections call for a whopping 70% of revenues to come from stadium attendance, with 30% from TV, a ratio that is just about exactly opposite that of the NFL. Thus, the revenue sacrifice over the two-year stretch of the ABC contract could be hefty if some easing of the no-blackout rule doesn't occur.

But then, none of the USFL's owners expected to make a profit for at least three seasons. Steve Ehrhart, the league's director of administration, says, "The estimate when we started was that each club must be ready and willing to lose as much as \$6 million in the first three years. I think at this point there are some clubs that are precisely on that schedule. They will lose that amount of money. The rest won't do that badly." Jim Foster, director of marketing for the Arizona Wranglers, says, "Maybe it's a question of how long some

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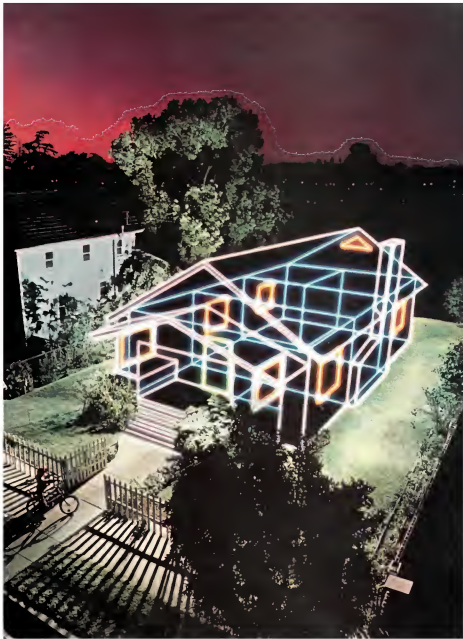


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As the weather gets hot, will the crowds melt away?

Obviously, some clubs look to be in for a longer duration than others. The moribund Boston Breakers, for example, are trapped in the rather suffocating and hostile confines of Boston University's 20,535-seat Nickerson Field, where they are averaging a pathetic 12,454 per game. Residents of the area surrounding the field are enraged over football fans parking on their streets, and local cops turn out in hordes on game days to ticket and tow every illegally parked car they can find. The owners of the Breakers, including former Patriot Wide Receiver Randy Vataha, are said to be looking for another place to play. At the other end of the scale are the Tampa Bay Bandits, widely considered the USFL's "model franchise." It's owned by John Bassett, the Canadian sports and entertainment entrepreneur who was the only owner to rise unscathed out of the wreckage of the World Football League, which failed in 1975 after two years. Playing an exciting, pass-oriented brand of football called Bandit Ball and well managed in everything from souvenir

marketing to halftime shows, the Bandits have drawn an average of 40,319 at home. The Bandits are one of three teams—the others are the Denver Gold and the Oakland Invaders—that could turn a profit this first season.

But as USFL folks keep telling us, money is no object. And for the moment at least, they may be right, because however pessimistic the sports-page Cassandras may be, a franchise in the league is now considered a precious prize. Indeed, the USFL office in Manhattan has received no fewer than 20 applications for expansion franchises. The price of applying is a refundable \$50,000. The price of a franchise will be \$6.25 million, and an additional \$1.5 million letter of credit must be filed with the league office to underwrite any unforeseen crises—such as bankruptcies or unmet payrolls.

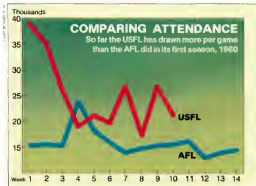
But wait a minute. Expansion? Expansion in a 12-team league where all forms of spectator involvement are falling off, where the average loss this year will be around \$1.5 million per team? Can this be?

Yes. And the increase next season will be at least four teams and very likely six.

The league already has announced it will have a team in Pittsburgh in 1984. The franchise will be owned by none other than Edward J. DeBartolo Sr., who was behind son Ed Jr.'s purchase of the NFL's San Francisco 49ers in 1977. The arrival of DeBartolo has been greeted with huzzahs by USFL men. Philadelphia Stars owner Myles H. Tannenbaum says, "There are different kinds of credibility for this league. One was ABC's business decision to buy rights to our games. Another is Ed DeBartolo's coming into our league. ABC and Ed have made the two most significant business judgments so far in regard to the future of this league." Besides Pittsburgh, there will be new teams in Houston and San Diego, and USFL insiders say Minneapolis, San Antonio, New Orleans, Miami, Jacksonville and Memphis are also in the running for new franchises.

The expansion isn't a bullish show of optimism but rather

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a matter of dollars and sense. "One big reason we're doing it is scheduling," says Simmons. "With 12 stadiums, it's an absolute bitch to set dates. We are the last tenant in all of our stadiums. Everyone is ahead of us: soccer, baseball, high school graduations. Also, we need more Sun Belt cities for the better weather in early spring. Besides that, we need to expand exposure of the league beyond the markets we're in now, which should increase the ratings. And even though we are financially solid, there's the matter of the revenue we get from the start-up money for these new franchises."

All right, so the USFL brand of football will reach out and touch more Americans than ever next season. But do Americans want to be touched by it? The real question about USFL football is one of quality, not quantity. As Simmons puts it, "Whether we succeed or fail depends on how people perceive the game we play. If there are constant bad games, dull games, low scores, slow decisions by officials, unimaginative play-calling—that'll kill us before anything else. No one expected us to play NFL-caliber ball, and we certainly aren't. Of 600 players in the USFL, I think 500 are either rookies or players with one year of pro experience. We have more rookies than the AFL had when it started in 1960. But we are also in far better shape than the AFL was in its early years. People thought they were much more rinky-dink than we are, a total Mickey Mouse operation. I was at ABC and we televised those first AFL years. I know what I'm talking about.

The USFL is light-years beyond the AFL in its first year."

Ah, yes, the American Football League. This is the league the USFL is most often compared with these days—not with that more recent suicidal mess, the WFL. This in itself puts the USFL in a much better credibility bracket. And using numbers alone, the USFL even seems to be substantially ahead of where the AFL was in its earliest days. Whereas the USFL averages more than 25,000 in attendance, the AFL had a 17,000 average in its first year, 1960—these were pro football's pre-boom days; the NFL drew 42,000 a game that season—and didn't average 25,000 until its fourth year. As for TV ratings—all in the much riper autumn/winter viewing season, remember—the AFL averaged 5.8 its first year (while the NFL was getting 10.6), and for its first five years on the tube it averaged 6.6 (the NFL over that span: 13.4).

However, in the critical areas of esthetics and theatrics, the USFL is offering a pale game compared to the flamboyant happenings of the AFL in its early days. A highly knowledgeable fellow in the front office of a West Coast NFL team

who was involved in the AFL's origins makes a most apt comparison of the USFL and AFL. He says, "The USFL is packaged professionally, in most ways better than the AFL—more advertising, better marketing, television. But the product is dull, not nearly as good or as exciting as it was in the AFL." He points out that there were only 12 NFL teams in 1960, with just 396 players, so that the AFL got some excellent talent. Now, with 28 NFL teams consuming roughly 1,400 players, the leftover talent is diluted. More serious is the fact that there were only 24 quarterbacks (two per team) used up in 1960, whereas now at least 80 quarterbacks are tied up in the NFL. If there's one thing the USFL lacks, it's exciting quarterbacks and innovative offenses. As the NFL man says, "Even the high-scoring USFL games have been dull. The AFL was big-play football. I watch USFL games and I don't see the big offensive plays or the big hit by the defense. I put a lot of blame on the coaches. Their approach to the game seems to be 'don't get beat.'"

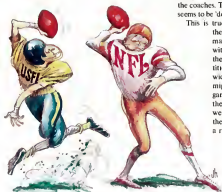
This is true. Conservatism has been the rule in the USFL, and many contests are played out with numbing caution. Before the season, the USFL competition committee considered a wide variety of rules that might have made the league's game more wide open than the NFL's. But so hidebound were the committeemen that they even refused to approve a rule that would have made

a pass reception a completion if the receiver caught the ball with only one foot in bounds, instead of the NFL's two feet. At this point the only rule variation that makes a noticeably interesting

difference is the option to go for two points after a touchdown. Another innovation—a full-blown time-out after every first down in the last two minutes of each half—has simply served to extend games by a few more ya-w-w-w-nning minutes.

If fans perceive the USFL as being boring, there's nothing—not sleet or spring fever or 28-yard-rushing totals by Himself—that will bury the league quicker. Getting better quarterbacks is one solution, but that will take time. And until there are skilled quarterbacks there won't be much of the innovative and adventurous coaching the league so badly needs. A quicker solution is more wide open rules, but the league can't be expected to change in midseason.

If the USFL were suddenly transformed into a dozen teams specializing in Bandit Ball instead of Bumble Ball, the whole thing might quickly take on some glitter, an aura of good fun. But if something isn't done by the start of next season to enliven games, football, as Walker suggests, could prove to be nothing but a fall sport after all.



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Whenever a country enters a boat in the America's Cup for the first time, it's as if a pretty new face has arrived at a rather boring party. Everyone perks up. The Australians had that effect in 1962, the French in 1970 and the Swedes, with their beautiful *Sverige*, in 1977. Throughout the early weeks of summer the newcomer is a welcome distraction. Her wardrobe is discussed. Her style is assessed. Her dance card is full. For a while, at least, she is the belle of the nautical ball.

This America's Cup year, the new girl in Newport is a stunner. Her name is *Azzurra*, she's from Italy, and when she's put in the water at Newport this week, the old town will find it has never seen anything like her. She has style, she has grace, and her credentials are strictly *Almanach de Gotha*. She was conceived on the Costa Smeralda, the Aga Khan's resort empire on the Mediterranean island of Sardinia, designed in the fashionable Rome studio of the young naval architect Andrea Vaccelli and built in a shipyard in Pesaro on Italy's Adriatic coast. When she was christened last July, it was the Begum Aga Khan who swung the bottle of Cinzano Principe di Piemonte Blanc de Blancs against *Azzurra*'s shining blue hull while two of her 17 proud godfathers—the Aga Khan, direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, and Gianni Agnelli, head of Fiat—looked on and applauded.

At first glance, the *Azzurra* challenge looks like a very slick and barely disguised advertising campaign for the 17 giants of Italian commerce and industry who have provided her financial underpinnings. That lineup, sufficient to ensure the prosperity of a small country, includes not only the Aga Khan's Costa Smeralda and Iveco, Fiat's truck subsidiary, but also an airline (Alitalia), a bank (Banco di Roma), an insurance company (Levante), a fashion designer (Valentino), a mineral-water bottler (San Pellegrino),

The New Bella Of The Ball

Italy is making its America's Cup debut with a 12-meter named *Azzurra* and an attitude best described as romantically realistic

by SARAH PILEGGI

the state telephone and telegraph company (Italcable) and the makers of aperitifs (Cinzano), wine (Florio), helicopters (Agusta), menswear (SanRemo), marine paints (Venetian), nautical clothing (Starpoint), plastics (Allathem Industriale), power boats (Posillipo) and pasta (Barilla).

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Most of the time Azzurra beat Enterprise, but in their last regatta, the old boat won.

ITALIAN CHALLENGE *continued*

five months to produce *Azzurra*. She is 65 feet long, with an aluminum hull and a displacement of 61,600 pounds. She has a "knuckle" bow, a broad reverse transom and a slight sheer. Her sails, designed in the Genoa loft of the U.S. firm North

Sails, are the latest thing in Kevlar with Mylar laminate.

"I'm very happy with the hull," says Vallicelli. "I think it's correct. It's fast. *Enterprise* is good, but *Azzurra* is a little faster to windward and, I think, a little faster running. But for me it is very important to make another design. Five

months is enough time for people like the Americans, who are experienced in building and tank testing, but for the first time it is too short."

All winter long at their temporary quarters in Formia, an ancient seaside resort between Rome and Naples, the 28 Italians from whom the America's Cup crew of 11 will be drawn, practiced match racing. Every morning at 11 *Azzurra* and *Enterprise* left the ferries and the fishing boats of Formia behind and headed out into the Gulf of Gaeta. The Aurunci Mountains rose abruptly from the sea behind them; to the south on clear mornings you could see the cone of Vesuvius. On the shore a group of interested Formians leaned on the railing of a highway overpass to watch their departure, and in the afternoon when the two boats with the towering masts returned, the Formians were there again, pointing, talking and curious.

Explaining the America's Cup, not only to Formia but to all of Italy, has been the full-time occupation of Comandante Gianfranco Alberini, the tall, slim, 52-year-old retired navy officer who is secretary-general of the Yacht Club Costa Smeralda and head of the *Azzurra* syndicate. Alberini has been in almost constant motion, traveling between the syndicate's headquarters in Milan, a branch office on the Piazza Adriana in Rome and the training center in Formia, with side trips to Naples, Turin, Venice, Sardinia and wherever else Italians want to hear the *Azzurra* message or view the *Azzurra* film. With patience, courtesy and politician charm, bowing correctly over the outstretched hands of the ladies, Alberini explains again and again that the America's Cup is to sailing what the World Cup is to soccer. But he's always careful to point out that the America's Cup probably cannot be won on the first try, or maybe even the second; that the difficulties of mounting a 12-meter challenge for the first time are too great and the time too short. "But," the comandante says, "*Azzurra* is the beginning of a long-term commitment to America's Cup competition."

"We're trying not to create any expectations that can later end in disillusion," says Alberini. "We try to underline that in the case of the America's Cup, the de Coubertin motto holds—participation is more important than winning. Knowing what kind of problems we are facing, we will be very, very happy to have good

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results even if we do not win races. That, of course, is hard to explain to people who do not know anything about this event."

The expectations of a nation that has just won the World Cup of soccer are hard to dampen. No sooner had *Azzurra* hit the water than auspicious parallels were being drawn between her blue hull and the blue shirts of the *Forza Azzurri*, the blue team of soccer. Note was also taken of the fact that a 12-meter, like a soccer team, requires a crew of 11.

"In the back of many Italians' minds," said a Roman journalist, "there is always the feeling that just because it is Italian, even the unexpected could happen."

The other facet of the *Azzurra* challenge that's difficult to explain is its cost. "We still have people asking us, 'How is it possible to spend seven million of lire for such a little boat?'" says Skibinska. "They don't understand what it means—promotion, public relations, and farther, that this is all paid for by private companies, not by the government."

For all of *Azzurra*'s high-powered modern organization, however, an inherent Italian sense of balance humanizes its operations and occasionally a burst of native insouciance cracks its sleek facade. Team Manager Cino Ricci rides around *Forma* on a motorcycle, often with a passenger on the pillion behind. Children of crew members clamber over the two wonder boats when they are tied up at the town dock, spinning their wheels, popping in and out of their cubbyholes, with nobody saying "Don't touch." At an early February regatta, during which *Azzurra* and *Enterprise* were to demonstrate for the public and a number of sponsors and guests the intricacies of match racing, the wind died completely before the competition was finished. Agosta, the sponsor that makes heli-



Alberoni tells Italians that winning isn't everything.

copters, leapt into the breach, however illogically, sending one of its whirlybirds aloft to swoop down over the two boats and create wind where there was none. And here's the quintessentially Italian part: When the attempt failed, nobody minded. Nobody was embarrassed. Nobody pointed an accusing finger at any-

one else. Instead, the gesture was gratefully acknowledged and generously interpreted as an idea that *might* have worked.

"In Italy," says Skibinska, "We do everything at the last minute. We invent, we improvise. Maybe it's not the professional way to act, but in the end it's better. You can accomplish anything."

Professionalism is Ricci's hallmark. He's a 48-year-old native of Rimini who earned his reputation first as a helmsman, a career that culminated in the winning of the Cowes-Dinard race in 1974 aboard *Comet One*. Ricci next turned his talents to organizing the international campaigns of such well-known racers as *Deception*, *Suspense*, and the two *Vainas*. (Incidentally, his helmsman in each of those campaigns was Tom Blackaller, the American who will be at the helm of *Defender* this summer when it takes on *Comet* and *Freedom*, or whichever of his two boats *Comet* chooses for the right to defend the Cup.)

Italian yachtsmen describe Ricci as "introverted," which, in fact, to an American sensibility he seems merely thoughtful and calm, the ideal leader for a disparate group of men who must live at close quarters for more than a year and produce their best efforts on call, always aware that in the end only half of them will be chosen. In a sport in which egos often run amok, Ricci is virtually egoless. "Those who know him well have the impression he's always willing to step aside with no envy anytime someone better comes along," says Riccardo Villanova, a Milanese journalist.

Unlike *Comet*, the hard-driving perfectionist who was both the helmsman and the man responsible for crew selection and training on *Freedom*, the defender in 1980, Ricci has chosen to remove himself from consideration as helmsman on *Azzurra*, though

continued on page 71

Designer Valticelli (left) and team manager Ricci are new to Twelves.



THE INDY 500

IN THIS SPECIAL 12-PAGE ADVERTISING INSERT
THE AUTHOR EXAMINES THE ROLE THAT SPEED HAS PLAYED
AT THE INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY
FROM 1911 THROUGH 1982





Contrary to bleachers wisdom, speed is not the object of motor racing; the traditional kiss and the biggest check go to the driver who finishes first. Nothing is set aside for the faster man who spends his equipment unwisely. This is not stop-press news. Two dozen years ago Stirling Moss spoke of the perfect race as the one which is won at the lowest possible speed.

But if speed is not the object, someone should please explain to Clay Mead, who last year averaged 193.819 mph in his qualifying run for the Indianapolis 500, why he was judged too slow for the race. Having his name atop one of Indy's piles of statistics—the fastest man ever to be bumped out of the starting lineup—is very little consolation indeed.

"The Speedway"—which is how racers always refer to the place—is open for practice and qualifying about three and a half weeks each May in preparation for the 500. During that time, if you ask a driver how he's doing, you'll invariably get back a number, probably four digits: "one-ninety-seven, eight." It's his speed, his average for the 2.5-mile lap. Speed is so important at Indianapolis, so absolutely precious, that they round it off to the nearest tenth of an mph—half of a tenth of a percent at the 200-mph averages that became common last year. For any other sort of racing cars on any other track in the world with so little banking, 200-mph averages are unthinkable. At Indianapolis, much slower, as Mead discovered, is unacceptable.

*If the speeds read like
phone numbers,
you must be talking about
Indianapolis.*

Indianapolis is not a normal race. The emphasis is different. One day in May is allotted to the running of the 500 and Moss's strategy is appropriate on that day. But four days of the month are devoted to qualifying, which is a pure speed contest, who can achieve the fastest average over four laps, ten miles. If a racer's time over that distance is three minutes exactly, that is 200 mph. Can a man hold his breath that long? No. Qualifying at Indy takes much more. A driver must face speed squarely for those four laps. He cannot blink. The watch will be the judge.

There are, of course, incentives. Money is one of them. Rick Mears won the pole position last year in his Penske Ford with a 207.004-mph average, breaking by nearly three mph the record set by his teammate, Kevin Cogan, just moments before. For his two minutes, 55.91 seconds of work, Mears was awarded \$18,200. But it's not just the money; there is also the fame. Indianapolis is the oldest continuous auto race in the U.S., run every year since 1911 except for six war-time years. Foreigners as well as Americans have been testing their nerves and skills at it

since the beginning. Over the years, it has become the unquestioned Mount Everest of motor racing. To win Indy is to be on top, just to be fast there earns international respect. Because, like Everest, the Speedway never forgives. Gordon Smiley was one of many determined to be fast there. During his qualifying attempt last year, he lost control of his March-Cosworth in Turn Three. In less than one second he slid 280 feet to smash the cement outer wall nearly head-on. Doctors say he was killed instantly. So great was the impact that the track had to be closed for repairs. Less than two and a half hours later it was reopened for more qualification attempts and the line of hopefuls was as long as ever. There is nothing to be said here except that Everests exist to be climbed.

It was exactly as a showcase for speed that the Indianapolis Motor Speedway was scooped out of the Indiana flatlands in the first place. That was in 1909, back when horse and buggy was still the prevailing form of transportation. Anything in the double digits was fast in those days and the thought of traversing a mile a minute (60 mph) was as fantastic then as space travel is now. A few had done it but such feats were well beyond the common man's expectation. Against such a background, extravagant promises were made for the new Speedway. The April 8, 1909 issue of *The Automobile* spoke of a revised plan for the already-under-construction track "with curves that will permit a speed of 105 to 112 miles an hour." Either through hype or optimism, or perhaps both, expectations





RICK MEARS



RICK MEARS



RICK MEARS

At left and out front is Rick Mears, who qualified in 1982 at a record 207 mph. At top and working down, first Indy winner Ray Harroun, whose race-winning average speed in 1911 was 74.59 mph. The starting field that year contrasts sharply with last year's. Below, the 1972 winner Mark Donohue with Stirling Moss and historian Bob Laycock's much-appended speed chart.



RICK MEARS



were jacked up even further in the April 29 issue of that publication which stated, "Unlimited speed may be attained upon the straightaways, and 112 miles an hour on the turns." This was, after all, the era of The Music Man and "promise 'em anything" salesmanship. But when the track was finished, the bank angle of the curves was flatter than advertised—about 9½ degrees instead of 11½ degrees. And speeds were down similarly.

No one now seems to know the real design goals of the Speedway. In his autobiography, 1925 winner Peter DePaolo asserts 67 mph. Speedway historian Bob Laycock, who has been around the place for more than 30 years, recalls hearing a figure of 75 mph, but has never seen any documentation. What is known is that the 300-mile feature race of the 1909 inaugural program was halted after 235 miles due to three fatalities (in addition to two other deaths in a supporting event). Lee Lynch was leading in a Jackson, having averaged 55.6 mph up to that point. The fastest speed of the weekend was achieved by Barney Oldfield, who set a track record (76.2 mph) in practice, driving his bug, 120-hp German Benz.

Opening weekend speeds may have fallen short of predictions but they were still too fast for the track. Its macadam surface broke up, creating chuck holes and flying rocks. More durable paving was required before another event could be run. Bricks were decided upon and the Speedway became known as "The Brickyard," a nickname that has persisted although all but a strip of bricks, retained for nostalgia's sake, was paved over by 1969.

Speeds picked up rapidly in the early years. Starting positions for the first 500 in 1911 were assigned in order of entry date but each car had to qualify by exceeding 75 mph through a quarter-mile trap. Ray Harroun won that first 500-mile race in a Marmon Wasp at an average of 74.59 mph, up nearly 20 mph from the aborted 300-mile of just two years before.

Since then, however, a horde of people who should know better have continually been amazed at the accelerating speeds on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. What do they think racers dream of, scheme for, lust after? Speed, that's what, and they'll worry

about coping with it when the time comes. Laycock has kept a chart of speed records. "I've had to extend it three times now," he says. The last time was 1960. The scale ran up to 155 mph, but the one-lap record, set in qualifying by Johnny Thomson, was already 146.532 mph. That little bit of headroom wouldn't last forever. "So I put it clear up to 200 mph," Laycock recalls. "I said, 'They'll never get to that. The end of the world will come first.' But they did."

If you look at Laycock's 200-mph chart now, you will see extensions up into the margins in 1977 and 1978 for Tom Sneva's consecutive one-lap record breakers of 200.535 and 203.620 and again in 1982 for Rick Mears's 207.612 mark. "I've got to extend it again," Laycock says. "I don't know how far. I've been thinking 220. They're not going over 220, at least not in my lifetime."

If they do, it'll be done first in qualifying. That's where the fastest speeds always are recorded. Race laps are slower because of traffic, the drivers' need to pace themselves, and a dozen other reasons. The race average is slower still. In fact, the race record of 162.962 mph dates back to 1972 and the late Mark Donohue.

Money and fame may be the carrots that entice speed at Indianapolis but, particularly in qualifying, there is also a stick; the starting grid will be made up of only the 33 fastest entries. When you consider that 100 drivers may sign up for the event, and perhaps 50 or so may reach competitive speeds in practice, you begin to understand what a powerful goad this 33-car cutoff point can be. No other major league race is so over-subscribed, no other throws up such a certainty that a large contingent of the willing and able will be left walking when the pace car leads the pack off the grid on race day. To make the race, you must qualify. To qualify you must have the speed. How much speed? Well even the qualifying procedure itself is something of a poker game designed to push men right to the edge.

To qualify for most races, the timers consider only one lap, your fastest. But at Indy it's the average speed over four laps that counts, which means a much greater exposure to risk. Last year Tom Sneva tried so hard in his March-



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Cosworth that he grazed the wall in Turn Two on his second lap. Not a major error, just a slight miscalculation on the high side, enough to send up a shower of magnesium sparks from his spinning wheels as they brushed the concrete. But it was clearly not enough to break Seneva's resolve, just shake it down a bit, from 203.436 mph on his first lap to 199.778 mph on the one following the scrape. Seneva is not alone in his ability to face pressure. The same thing happened to A.J. Foyt the previous year, and to others in the past. Indy drivers are special in their ability to walk the edge of the chasm, even teeter on the brink, yet not flinch.

Seneva and Foyt were both trying for the pole when they touched the wall and though they were unsuccessful, they were still washed in the waves of glory that follow such fast clockings. But efforts at least as daring are made by drivers in rickety cars giving everything they have just to make the tail-end of the grid. Here is another detail of Indy's poker-game qualifying system. Anytime before the waving of the checkered flag at the end of the fourth lap, a team may abort its qualifying attempt if it is not satisfied with its average thus far. If time and weather permit, three such attempts are allowed each entry. But once the checkered flag waves, the team is committed to the speed recorded in that run. If it proves to be too slow, the team is out. These extra attempts make little difference to the faster teams but for those struggling at the back, the sense of desperation builds each time a chance is taken and then aborted. Two years ago

a rookie named Phil Krueger was doing the impossible. On the afternoon of the last day of qualifying, when do or die is a fair estimate of the pressure, he pushed an outdated Eagle powered by a hot-rodged Chevrolet V-8 up into the odd-but-precious decimals over the 187-mph mark. No one dreamed a car so old could move so quickly. After logging the first two of his qualifying laps fast enough to make the field, Krueger slipped in Turn Three of the third lap and hit the wall a terrible lick. The car broke apart. Flying pieces of wreckage sliced off the rivets that secured the chin strap to Krueger's helmet, causing the helmet to come loose though, fortunately, not off. Krueger himself was battered, broken and burned. But he was not killed. And when he finally left the hospital, he wasn't noticeably discouraged either. Last May he was back at the Speedway driving heroically in another outdated car.

The drivers who fail to qualify, the Phil Kruegers and Chip Meads and dozens of others, are dismissed from the public mind as quickly as they are from the list of contenders. Their speeds in the 180s and low 190s seem lackluster compared to the over-200-mph clockings of the superb cars at the front of the grid. But that is only one of the possible perspectives from which achievements might be gauged. Consider 180 mph from the viewpoint of an old-time driver who had just made it into Indy's famous 100-Mile-An-Hour Club. Beyond comprehension, wouldn't you say? Yet merely the existence of such a club serves as a reminder that speed has never come easily at

Indianapolis. The 100-Mile-An-Hour Club was founded after Billy Arnold became the first man to drive the entire 500 in 1930 without relief at an average of over 100 mph. Speeds were too slow in 1931 to add to the membership but Fred Frame, Howdy Wilcox, Cliff Bergerre, Bob Carey and Russ Snowberger qualified for induction in '32. So difficult was it to exceed 100 mph for the Indy 500 that the club had only 28 members until after World War II.

By then 100 mph was no big deal and the 135 Mile Per Hour Club was formed. This really underlines the gritty quest for speed, as it was not established at a nice round number like 130 or 140, but was fixed at 135 because an average so fast seemed the best that was likely to happen for as long as anyone wanted to think about it. After all, in 1951, the year the 135 Mile Per Hour Club came into being, Walt Faulkner had just white-knuckled his way to a qualifying record of 136.872.

Faulkner was one of the few men to achieve instant stardom at Indianapolis. He had a talent for the one thing that counts, speed. He came to the Speedway as a rookie in 1950, driving the Grant Pison Ring Special, a Kurtis-Kraft/Offy owned by the showy J.C. Agajanian. Just seconds before the track was to close on the first day of qualifying, and only a day after passing his rookie driver test, Faulkner began his run. At the end of the first lap came the voice of the announcer, "It's a fast one—one minute, seven point eight zero seconds . . . 132.743 mph." That



ERIC SCHENKEL/ART



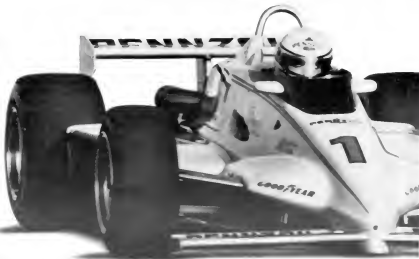
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At far left is the legendary A.J. Foyt, who between 1961 and 1977 won the 500 four times, the only driver in Indy history to do so. Near left is Tom Seneva, who is always in the running for the pole despite brushes with the wall. Below is the 1935 gathering of the 100-Mile-An-Hour Club, the photograph taken in Indianapolis before the race and before the fruit cup was eaten.





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Driver Rick Mears comments on the Penske attitude: "It all boils down to reliability. The car has to run right. The crew has to work right. And I've got to drive right. You can't win without reliability."

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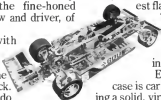
"People often admire my Rolex and ask me how I chose it," says Penske. "Besides the obvious, I respect the machine. It's tough. It's tested. It performs. My Rolex never has a bad day. Whenever I check the time, it reminds me of what we're all about. Perfection."



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was as good as the best of the veterans that day. When Faulkner completed his second lap, before the announcer could even speak, Bob Laycock remembers several timers standing at the pit wall doing double takes at their watches. "Some even put them to their ears to see if they had stopped," he says. "But the watches were O.K. Faulkner had just broken into the minute, six-second range." That second lap was 136.013 mph, a new one-lap record, leading to a 134.343 mph average for the four laps, also a record. It was the only time a rookie ever qualified on the pole, apart from the first 500, of course, when everyone in the race was an Indy rookie.

Indy confers a special status on the drivers that produce exceptional speeds. Mario Andretti set qualifying records at each of his first three years at the Speedway, winning the pole in 1966 and 1967 and the race in 1969. A.J. Foyt has made seven of his 25 Indy starts from the front row and four from the pole, and has won the race a record four times.

Occasionally, drivers have been overshadowed by their cars. Following World War II, the Speedway resumed operation in 1946. It was then that Lew Welch's Novi qualified at 133.944 mph, five mph faster than the second-quickest entry, proving he was a force to be reckoned with. The Novi was a huge car, slickly streamlined, with a supercharged Winfield V-8 that shrieked as fiercely as its owner's ambition. Welch would not have been satisfied merely to win; he wanted to qualify on the pole and lead every lap as well. He might have achieved that goal if he hadn't pressed so hard. Before he gave up in 1960, his Novis had qualified fastest five times, started from the pole twice and led six 500s, but never finished higher than Duke Nalon's third place in 1948.

The Novi was a technical masterpiece or a technical nightmare, depending on how you chose to look at it, but there is no disputing the fact that it was technical. As such, it represented an obsession with speed by someone other than a driver. Quite logically, technology is the obvious way to pursue big velocity numbers if you are not personally inclined to strap yourself into the cockpit. Unconsciously, inadvertently, Lew Welch and his Novi cars opened an era at Indianapolis where

the men who conjure up the technology—the designers, engineers and mechanics—play a far more significant role in the quest for speed than the drivers who urge the cars around the track. Consider this; it took more than 50 years for the speed record to rise from the double digits of 1911 to the first 150-mph clocking in 1962 by Parnelli Jones. But in only 20 years since then, the speed record has gone up another 57 mph.

If you compare Jones's record-setting, front-engine roadster to the rear-engine, ground-effects machine of today, you can easily see why. The men with the calculators and wrenches have revolutionized racing. Englishman John Cooper originated the rear-engine design for Grand Prix racing. Jack

Brabham introduced one of Cooper's frail-looking creations to the Speedway in 1961. Its handling was sensational. It didn't win but when Colin Chapman arrived with his more refined Lotus two years later, everyone could see the solid axle, front-engine roadster's days were numbered. When the rear-engine Lotus powered by Ford finally won with Jimmy Clark, a Scottish driver, at the wheel in 1965, all but six cars in the field were of a rear-engine design. Suddenly the techno men were everywhere. The Ford Motor Company's new V-8 racing engine was overpowering the traditional four-cylinder Offy. Firestone's long dominance at the Speedway was being vigorously challenged by Goodyear, and the competition between the two tire companies—and the money they were willing to





spend to sign up the best engineers and drivers—produced new developments at an astounding pace. As a result of all this, the speed record went up 11 mph in only three years.

And kept climbing. A man named Herb Porter became convinced that he could revive the aging Offy with a device called a turbocharger. Mark Donohue and Team McLaren, a top-line manufacturer of Grand Prix cars, figured out how to use wings to stick the Indy cars to the track in corners. In 1971 Peter Revson established a four-lap record of 178.696 mph in a McLaren-Offy.

Dan Gurney's aerodynamic Eagle chassis was the sensation of 1972. By then turbochargers had be-

come a source of horsepower from heaven. All you had to do for more power was turn the little screw on the turbocharger's waste gate that raised the manifold boost pressure. Too much might melt the motor. But then again, it might not, at least not until the four laps were completed. Stories from those days are legends now. Before qualifying, the chief mechanic would crank up the turbo as much as he thought he dared. When nobody was looking, the driver would sneak back and give another twist to the boost control. After a bit, the car owner would slide around and add another turn. Then just before the car rolled out to qualify, the chief mechanic would have second thoughts and dial in some more. This was technology anybody could understand. And on May 14, 1972 Revson's year-old record was lifted by more than 17 mph when Bobby Unser averaged 195.940 in the Olsonite Eagle.

In the ten years since, the more complex turbo Cosworth V-8 has replaced the Offy and a whole new aerodynamic concept called ground effects has been developed to create a vacuum under the car, pulling it down against the track for even greater traction. Yet speeds have risen just over 11 mph in that period. From those figures, you might conclude that technology has reached the end, that the computers are sucking air. In fact, progress has never been more amazing.

You see, what limits speed is not the drivers' bravery or the designers' imagination. It's the rules. When the officials decide, as they have many times, that the speeds are getting out of hand, they make changes. This has been true since 1913 when the displacement limit for engines was reduced from 600 to 450 cubic inches. But the men who make the rules have been working overtime during the last ten years. Manifold boost, once unlimited, has been progressively trimmed back. To further limit power, there's now a fuel-economy requirement; 1.8 miles per gallon of methanol. O.K., this is not exactly parsimonious, but remember that each gallon of methanol, the fuel used in Indy cars, contains only about half the energy that a comparable volume of gasoline has and, besides, there's no way to generate 700 hp without burning a lot of something. So you can see what the speed seekers are up against. And how successful they've been. One of the car-slowing

rules adopted last year reduced the allowable turbocharger size. Against such a handicap, the racers were able to boost the average qualifying speed for the field by 6.5 mph and Mears added 4.85 mph to the qualifying record. The techno men obviously have few ideas left. Imagine what would have happened had there been no rules tightening.

In fact, rules makers have been imagining exactly that ever since Mears's qualifying run. At first, they cringed. Then they responded with—you guessed it—an even more vigorous cinching up of the rules for 1983. Ground effects are to be reduced. The rear wing must be moved forward to a less advantageous location. The turbocharger boost for the Cosworth is being trimmed back even more.

What will be the effect of all this restriction on the speed? "If conditions are right, they'll be about the same as last year," says Leo Mehl, who's position as Goodyear's director of racing keeps him very well informed. "Without the changes the top qualifier would probably average 215 mph."

The rules makers are motivated by safety considerations. Not so much for the drivers though. Mehl chuckles about the typical Indy racer's concern for speed. "They still get out of their cars after a 200-mph lap and say, 'Hell, that was safer than back when we were running 160,'" he says. "The worry now is about the spectators. That's why the organizers will try to keep the speed down to 215 or somewhere in there for a few years. If they just left the racers to their own devices, those fellows would be going 250 by now."

Which is not too bad for a track that once promised "curves that will permit a speed of 105 to 112 miles an hour." But there is an even more remarkable implication here. If the racers were doing 250 mph, some unfortunate Chap Mead would surely struggle to circle the place at 243, only to be told he was too slow.

by PATRICK BEDARD



At left, a 1949 birds-eye view of the famous 2½-mile oval on race day, with thousands of spectators circling the track. Top, Walt Faulkner, who qualified at 136.872 in 1951. Above, 1965 winner Jim Clark, later killed in 1968 in a Formula 1 race, sits in his landmark rear-engine Lotus-Ford. Bobby Unser, a three-time winner, waves from his turbocharged Eagle.





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he calls himself the skipper, he may or may not be aboard when the racing begins. Says Ricci, "The helmsman, if he has one-half day free, he must go for a holiday, not with the problems of the mast or the boat or the crew on his mind. Those people like Conner, it is possible they have the concentration and they can manage the two, but I think it is very hard for him. I know many American people of the Dennis Conner team, and I know he has problems."

If a happy crew were all it took to win the America's Cup, the men of *Azzurra* would have it sewn up. Ricci's presence and his quiet charisma have seen to that. The crew ranges in age from 21 to 44. Its members hail from major cities and seaside villages. They are students and sailmakers and manufacturers' representatives. One has a medical degree, another teaches karate, and at least three are the offspring of famous Italian yachtsmen. Nicolò Reggio, for instance, a 28-year-old naval engineering student from Genoa, is the son of an Italian champion in several classes and the grandson of a man who competed for Italy in the 1936 Olympic Games.

One Sunday afternoon in early spring, Reggio stood in the late afternoon sunshine on the deck of Formia's Circolo Nautico Caposole, a small yacht club overlooking the Gulf of Gaeta. This particular weekend, Formia was playing host for the last time to *Azzurra* before her departure for Newport. The festivities included an astonishing banquet of five courses and 29 dishes served to 700 guests in the dining rooms of the Istituto Professionale Alberghiero Turistico di Stato, the national hotel training school. (Until *Azzurra* came along, Formia had been best known for Cicero's tomb, a Roman aqueduct, the hotel school and a national track-and-field training center.)

On Saturday in a cold rain and on

Sunday under the kind of skies that inspire Neapolitan song, *Azzurra*, *Enterprise* and a fleet of some 50 smaller boats had raced on a triangular course laid between Formia and its archrival, the medieval town of Gaeta at the southern end of the gulf. Now the prizes were being given out and the speeches were being made on a terrace below Reggio's vantage point. The citizens of Formia drank champagne provided by Cinzano and, though it went against the grain, tried to believe Comandante Albertini when he once more said

Formia, *Enterprise* won both days. On Saturday it was because of spinnaker pole troubles on *Azzurra*, but on Sunday the cause was tactical error. Reggio, who had been a tiler on *Azzurra* both days, was feeling mildly rueful. "A day like this on the Twelves is bad, when you lose for stupid mistakes," he said. "You give everything you can and you lose without responsibility." But then he brightened. "Perhaps it's good preparation for the U.S., to lose, to be always sad."

"In other classes," says Ricci, "you



Before the Roman battlements of Formia, *Azzurra*'s crewmen talk of the upcoming battle of Newport.

that in the America's Cup the glory lies in merely competing. Meanwhile, children in their Palm Sunday best skipped up and down the ancient staircase from the clubhouse to the terrace on stones that Cicero may have trod. Formia having been his summer home and the scene of his death at the hands of hired assassins in 43 B.C. The younger candidates for the crew, having heard the speech before, milled happily on the outskirts of the crowd, jostling and spraying each other with the waxy foam of Cinzano's bounty.

More often than not through the winter training period, *Azzurra* had beaten *Enterprise*, but in this last regatta at

have some races with other boats. For the 12-meters, no. You wait, you wait, you wait for the America's Cup, and every day you must work, work. This is very big pressure for the people involved."

Now, at last, the waiting is over. The entire 28-member crew is in the U.S., and *Enterprise* is on her way to the Costa Smeralda, where she will be stored until she is needed again. And *Azzurra* has been broken down, trucked to Genoa and shipped aboard a freighter to the New World.

"Good luck!" seems a bit too hearty for a beautiful debutante, but "buon vento, *Azzurra*!" sounds nice. **END**



Wrong Way found a right way to TV fame.

their way into a 13-2 winning streak and then went on to win the National League West, thereby making Perez' role more familiar to Atlanta schoolchildren than Paul Revere's. Now he wears 1-285 on the back of his warmup jacket and smiles indulgently when he's called Perimeter Perez or Wrong-Way Pascual. "When I get lost, I make our luck better," says Perez. "Mine too. Now, every time I pitch in Atlanta, the people like me."

What's not to like? Perez won four crucial games during the Braves' drive to the '82 division title and at week's end had added five more victories this season to tie the team record for consecutive wins set by Buzz Capen in 1974. Following a no-decision last Thursday night in Houston, where he left the 1-1 game after six innings, Perez had a 1.64 LRA, second-lowest in the league. "He's pitching his butt off," says Ruben Walker, one of Atlanta's two pitching coaches. "He's a power pitcher, but a power pitcher with control. They're hard to find."

by John Garrity

does that, but when he makes the third out of an inning by covering first base, he spikes the ball and sprints for the dugout like Pete Rose. "He's definitely one of the best right-handers in baseball now," says Houston Outfielder Omar Moreno, who played with Perez in Pittsburgh. "It's just that sometimes he gets too cocky."

"Some players may think he's showing them up," says Atlanta's venerable knuckleballer Phil Niekro, "but it's harmless. That's just how he gets his adrenaline flowing." Others suspect the 26-year-old Perez, who's 6'2" but weighs only 162 pounds, assumes a belligerent pose to discourage hitters with bullying instincts. In 1981, after dusting off the Cub's Bill Buckner, Perez answered Buckner's walk toward the mound by throwing down his glove and raising his fists. Buckner hacked off. "Everybody thinks because I'm a skinny guy they can come at me," says Perez.

The same year Perez plunked two Dodgers with pitches during a game at Three Rivers Stadium. That prompted a stream of oral abuse from the visitors' dugout, particularly from Reggie Smith. After getting the third out, Perez gestured at the 6', 195-pound Smith—in any language. Perez signals translated to "let's go behind the stands"—and ran toward the Pirate dugout. Both benches emptied, not onto the field, as is customary, but into the cramped tunnels behind the dugouts. Again, there was no actual bloodshed. "Everybody mad at me because they think I try to hit somebody but I don't try to hit nobody," says Perez. "The coaches tell me, 'Don't be afraid sometimes to pitch inside,' so I do it."

Nothing about Perez' off-the-mound demeanor suggests a macho disposition, unless you count the dozen or so gold necklaces, charms and religious medals he wears around his neck. He has a shy smile and a quiet voice and likes to spend his time on the road playing video games. He throws more than fastballs with his elegant, whiplash delivery and is likely to offer a changeup as a heater on a 3-0 count. "Sometimes I challenge somebody," he says, "sometimes I don't."

If Perez' reputation as an oddball is

continued

He has found the way to go

Last year Pascual Perez of Atlanta got lost. This season he hasn't lost

Buenos dias," says the man in the commercial, one gold tooth gleaming in his smile. "I am Pascual Perez [This is from the English subtitles, the soundtrack is in Spanish]. I work very hard to earn this baseball cap, but you don't have to. You just go to Krystal to get a Braves cap like mine... for only two-fifty. Plus, get a schedule so you can come to all the games." He grins. "Personally, I suggest you get a map, too."

That's an odd recommendation considering that if Perez had carried a map with him last Aug. 19, he wouldn't be making commercials for a fast-food chain today. That was the day when Perez, a right-handed pitcher from the Dominican Republic, missed a crucial start because, while driving to the stadium in a rented car, he got lost on Atlanta's perimeter freeway system and circled the city three times before running out of gas. Perez' teammates, mired in a 2-19 slump, found the mishap so hilarious that they laughed

The Braves uncovered Perez last year in Portland, pitching for Pittsburgh's Class AAA farm club. He had been 2-7 with the Pirates in 1981, and after a 4-9 start in Portland in '82, Perez was ready to quit and return to Santiago, where he's remembered as the pitcher who struck out 10 and beat Fernando Valenzuela 7-1 in the title game of the Caribbean League two years ago. Instead, he agreed to go to Atlanta in a trade that sent Pitcher Larry McWilliams to Pittsburgh. Perez won all five of his starts with the Braves' AAA team in Richmond and returned to the majors on July 26.

"He's the most aggressive pitcher we have," says the Braves' other pitching coach, former Cardinal star Bob Gibson. That's high praise from the glowering Gibson, but Perez' intensity is sometimes taken for hot-dogging. In Pittsburgh, he used to "shoot" his strikeout victims with an imaginary gun and then blow away the imaginary smoke. Peter no longer



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exaggerated—"He's not a joker in the clubhouse; he doesn't fool around," says Nickro—his fractured English sometimes makes him funnier than he intends. After a recent victory, he was asked by reporters how many games he thought he could win this year. "[Manager] Joe Torre says I can win 15 games," said Perez.

"Think you can win more?" one reporter asked.

"No, Joe Torre says I can win 15."

Perez' dependence on the goodwill of strangers is what made his famous ride endearing. One guesses that if Bob Homer, the Braves' brash third baseman, had been late for the same reason, he would have been assessed more than the \$100 that Torre fined Perez. "When I get lost, I been in Atlanta for four days," says Perez. "I rent a car and get my driving permit that morning, and I leave for the stadium very early, but I forget where to make a turn right."

Thus handicapped, Perez made an afternoon-long ordeal out of what is normally a 15-minute ride. Circling helplessly, he finally pulled off the freeway at about 7:10 p.m., well north of Atlanta and running on fumes, and using gestures and his minimal English, persuaded a gas-station attendant to pump \$10 worth of free gas for him. "I forgot my wallet, too," says Perez. All this has been recounted often in Atlanta, so Perez gets a laugh in his commercial when he says of the Braves caps, "At only two-fifty, they're worth driving around for ... and around ... and around ... and around ..." Fortunately, while Perez was making like Charley on the MTA, Nickro was winning the game in his place, making Pascual's second-inning arrival more comical than tragic.

Last week, as if to show that it's no fluke when a Perez loses his way, Pascual's older brother, Mario, flew in from New York City to visit him ... and got lost in Atlanta's sprawling airport. Shunning the interconcourse subway—"because they will take me out of town, maybe to another state," he said later—Mario walked around ... and around ... and around ... and around ... until he was finally rescued by a Delta Airlines agent, who got him out of the terminal and into a cab to the stadium. "He got lost?" an amazed Pascual asked later. "Oh, man!" Mario, of course, was immediately christened Airport Perez.

Yes, Mario, Pascual suggests that you get a map, too.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Published reports and repeated rumors to the contrary, the Major League Umpires Association doesn't fine its members for fraternizing with baseball's five non-union umpires, who crossed pocket lines to go to work during the 1979 MLUA strike. Such talk arose when acrimony between the two groups, which had hit a peak during the strike and slowly abated thereafter, intensified this season. The cause: the firing in December of

"He's at least half as good already," said Milwaukee Pitcher Pete Vuckovich when asked if new teammate Bob Gibson, a right-hand pitcher, can become as good as his Hall of Fame namesake. "He's already throwing the ball more than 47 miles an hour."

Bill Emslie, who, according to an evaluation of general managers, managers, coaches and players, had been the best umpire in the International League over the past four years.

MLUA members and their leader, lawyer Richie Phillips, are convinced that Emslie never made it to the bigs and lost his minor league job because he was so outspoken in support of his major league brethren during the strike. At a union meeting before spring training, Phillips rallied his umpires. "Fines for fraternizing with non-union umpires were discussed," says Phillips. "I don't deny that. But such fines would be against our constitution and bylaws. We decided that our members would have nothing to do with the other umpires until Emslie's case was settled to our satisfaction. We also decided to take a cold and distant posture toward both league offices and not to work interleague games [in-season exhibitions]."

As a result, MLUA umpires don't travel with non-union umpires and rarely speak to them. Nowhere has the enmity been more obvious than on one four-man American League crew. During the national anthem, MLUA members Drew Coble and Don Denkinger stand along the leftfield line, while non-union umpes John Shulock and Derry Cousins remain behind home plate.

Recently, the union filed a grievance with the National Labor Relations Board on Emslie's behalf. Part of Phillips' ammunition was a letter written by Yankee owner George Steinbrenner to American League President Lee MacPhail and all league owners. "I'm writing to beseech you to give Bill Emslie a chance," wrote Steinbrenner. "If you don't, you'll be letting yourself open to an unfair-labor charge."

Last week came the first break in the dispute. Major league officials agreed to reinstate Emslie in the International League. "They also said they would discuss other things I feel must be done," said Phillips. "It's an extremely positive step, and it signals the start of a wind-down of hostilities."

Last week Bill Travers of the Angels made his first appearance since injuring his shoulder in May 1981. His first official pitch in 735 days was a strike to Boston's Jerry Remy. During Travers' five-plus innings, he gave up seven hits and three earned runs as California won 6-5. Travers, however, didn't get the decision. "My velocity was even better than in '78 and '79," said Travers, who during those years put together a 26-19 record for the Brewers.

O.K., how do you score this one? Bottom of the 13th. Texas and Baltimore tied 2-2, two down. Orioles on first and third. On a pitch to Aurelio Rodriguez, Rich Dauer scoots from first to second without drawing a throw from Catcher Jim Sundberg, who wanted to make sure the runner at third wouldn't come home. Is that a steal for Dauer? No, said official scorer Neal Eskridge, who ruled it a fielder's choice. Rule 10.08G says in part that there's "no stolen base when runner advances safely because of defensive team's indifference to his advance."

One day last winter, Detroit Outfielder Kirk Gibson walked his girl friend out to centerfield in Tiger Stadium and said, "Wouldn't it be great to stand here with 55,000 people around you every day?"

continued

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Three times in five days the Astro fielders lost track of the number of outs. Twice they all stayed put after the third out, and once three of them headed for the dugout following the second out.

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love the crowd when I hit a home run to win the game."

Also, as of Sunday the crowds had been sparse—the Tigers had drawn an average of 15,367 fans in 12 home dates—Gibson, 25, a heralded rookie in 1980, hadn't hit a homer this season, and a 3-for-36 slump had cut his average to .177. Disenchanted with his performance, Detroit fans boo each time Gibson swings and misses and cheer sarcastically when he catches fly balls.

"He's supposed to carry the barge," says California's Reggie Jackson. "He's got to do it in the next two years if his ball club is ever going to do it. This club is tailored for him. He's the lefthanded power to complement [Lance] Parnish."

San Diego's Ruppert Jones, who at week's end was hitting .264 against righthanders, was benched against lefthanders, who had held him to an .856 average (2 for 36). . . . Another lefty swinger suffering the same fate was Kansas City's Willie Aikens, who was batting .362 against righties and .071 against

BALL PARK FIGURES

Among players with at least 300 career at bats through last Sunday, these had the lowest lifetime averages

	Pos.	AVG
1. Luis Puello, Hou.	C	.192
2. Max Venable, SF	OF	.219
3. Gary Anderson, Bos.	C	.220
4. Paul Houderholder, Cin	OF	.223
5. Jeff Newman, Bos.	C	.226
6. Johnnie LeMaster, SF	SS	.228
7. Rick Leach, Det.	1B	.228
8. Tim Blackwell, Mon.	C	.228
9. Lenn Sakata, Balt.	2B	.229
10. Gary Gaetti, Minn.	3B	.229

handed Murphy, who as of Sunday led the majors in home runs with 11, had gotten eight of them by going with the pitch and hitting the ball to right or right-center.

Milwaukee fans who had done too much tailgating before last Friday night's game against Boston must have thought they were seeing double. Both Shortstop Rob Yount and Second Baseman Jim Gantner were wearing No. 19. Gantner's locker is next to Yount's, and he had grabbed the wrong jersey. After Gantner got dressed, he couldn't understand why his teammates were calling him "MVP." Just before the playing of the national anthem, Rightfielder Charlie Moore said to Gantner, who normally wears No. 17, "I wouldn't be wearing that shirt if I were you."

"Why, what's wrong with it?" asked Gantner.

"Take a look."

Gantner did, gasped and, at the completion of the anthem, raced back to the dugout, where Equipment Manager Bob Sullivan was waiting with his real jersey. "I felt like hiding under second base," said Gantner later. "I can't believe they let me go out there."

Nothing has been more vital to Los Angeles, which at week's end was in first place in the National League West, than its improved relief corps. At the same point last year, the Dodger bullpen had a 3-7 record, four saves and a whopping 5.24 ERA. This season the relievers were 10-1 with 14 saves and a 1.85 ERA. Southpaw Steve Howe has been the most effective of the lot, he had not allowed an earned run in 21 innings while picking up seven saves and two victories. So many

members of the Los Angeles bullpen throw hard fastballs that Howe has dubbed the crew Canned Heat.

Instead of giving heat, the Padre bullpen has been taking it for an 0-9 record. When Reliever Gary Lucas, who had lost three times in 11 days, came on in the 14th inning against the Pirates, Manager Dick Williams tried to encourage him by saying, "Let's stop those cards and letters from coming." Three pitches later, more mail was presumably on the way, as Jason Thompson tagged Lucas for a game-deciding two-run double.

Since losing its first nine games, Houston had gone 16-12, primarily because of its pen, which had won or saved 10 of the Astros' last 13 victories. Houston's top stopper has been rookie Frank DePino, who had retired 34 of the last 38 batters he had faced.

Milwaukee Reliever Rollie Fingers, out of action since last September, was encouraged after hurling two 10-minute b.p. stints without pain. Although he admits his fastball, curve and change are not what they used to be, Frank Tanana of Texas has found that his pinpoint control still makes him effective. In 16½ innings of relief through Sunday, Tanana had given up only one earned run, had fanned 16 batters and had yielded 10 hits. . . . Baltimore Pitching Coach Ray Miller believes it's the fault of his pitchers that opponents had stolen 26 bases in 35 tries against the Orioles this season. "Ten of those were uncontested," said Miller. "That's ridiculous."

It's no coincidence that on Aug. 1, the day after former Oriole Brooks Robinson will be inducted into the Hall of Fame, Baltimore will be playing in the annual

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DARRELL EVANS: The San Francisco first baseman hit three home runs and three doubles, scored seven runs and had seven RBIs during a 440 week (11 for 25), he raised his batting average to .327.

ceremonial game at Cooperstown. "Five years ago," explains Robinson. "[General Manager] Hank Peters figured out that I'd be up for election this year. So he called [American League President] Lee MacPhail and asked if the Orioles could be the league's representative this year. Lee said O.K."

Without peer with a spear

by Kenny Moore

Unheralded Tom Petranoff shattered the world javelin record by 9' 10"

As Tom Petranoff of the Southern California Striders bounded down the crumbling Tartan javelin approach at the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational Track Meet Sunday, his spear held lightly aloft in his right hand, Olympic javelin thrower Karin Smith stood nearby, explaining the basics of the event to a curious spectator. "Watch this throw of Tom's," she said, "and I'll point out his mistakes to you and what happens because of them."

They watched. He threw. And Smith was silent. The javelin vibrated slightly as it left Petranoff's hand and then became stable, heading down the right side of the sector. "He hit it right through the point," said Smith finally. "Look at it!"

It sailed and sailed, turning point down as it struck the turf three good strides beyond the world-record line. The crowd on hand at this early stage of the meet, some 10,000, had moaned at the loveliness of the flight, but did not erupt in cheers. The markers must be wrong, many onlookers apparently thought. But Petranoff had indeed thrown 327' 2", breaking the 1980 world record of Hungary's Ferenc Paragi by an astounding nine feet and 10 inches.

At 25 Petranoff is a rather round 6' 2" 217-pounder, with curly locks and a Fu Manchu mustache, and a most astonishingly casual manner for a new world-record holder. "It felt easy," he said. "That's the way with the javelin. When you throw far, it's through the point [that is, with the force all going in the direction the spear is aimed] and smooth. To do well you've got to relax."

Petranoff seemed the man for that, mildly peeling an orange on the infield as cameramen and press swarmed around him. Until

recently he was a wholesale grocery distributor in Los Angeles, working the night shift. Now he has taken a job with a brewery. He is originally from Illinois, but threw no javelins there. "I came to California in 1977 when I was 18," he said. He attended Palomar J.C. in San Marcos, and one day tried out for the baseball team as a pitcher and outfielder. The coaches didn't seem impressed by his arm, but on a nearby field he saw people

throwing spears. "I said, 'Can I try?'"

Within four weeks he had reached 252' 1". By last season he was ranked second in the U.S. behind American-record holder (314' 4") Bob Roggy, with whom Petranoff roomed in an L.A. suburb in 1980. His best before Sunday was 297' 0", but he had had throws of 305' and 308' at throwing clinics. Quietly confident, he had predicted a world record the night before to Canadian thrower Phil Olsen.

Petranoff was quick to credit javelin designer Dick Held for his success.

"Dick tries to tailor a javelin to the technique of each thrower," Petranoff said. Held, standing alongside, explained that when traveling faster than 90 feet per second, a javelin develops a lift that exceeds its own weight, so it will soar as if borne by an invisible swan. Petranoff's velocity at release, he guessed, was at least 120 feet per second. "The greater the angle of attack through the air, the greater the lift," he said. "But to get that greater angle the javelin must be thrown with more power, which Tom obviously has."

But wait. The balance of the implement, the point shape and the diameter are all specified by the rules. So how do you tailor a javelin? "By working on the tail," said Held. "The narrower it is, the higher the javelin floats."

"It's like an airplane taking off," said Petranoff. "You want a little head wind—which it didn't feel like I had on that throw."

"But you shattered the world record!" cried a man with a microphone.

"It just happened," said Petranoff, munching on his orange. "Yeah, 10 feet is a lot, but when Roggy threw 314 in Stuttgart last year there was a tail wind, and the thing went so low you didn't think it could make 275. That one could have been 330 if conditions had been perfect. Bob could well

continued



Petranoff's throw was his best by more than 30 feet.



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TRACK & FIELD continued

throw 100 meters [328' 1"] tomorrow. I was in the right place at the right time and hit the point. From now on a lot of people are going to be saying, hey, if old Tom can do it, I can do it, too."

Petrusoff's record capped a spectacular two days of California track. In Modesto the previous evening, Carl Lewis made another try at Jim Hines's 14½-year-old 100-meter record of 9.95, set in 7,349-foot altitude at the Mexico City Olympics. Lewis took charge at 50 meters and won by three yards from Arizona State's Ron Brown. There was a wait for the official time. The photo had to be studied. The wind was a legal 1.48 meters per second (more than 2.0 nullifies a record). In the anticipatory hubbub, rumors danced. Hines was at the meet. Someone told him the time was 9.95.

"He tied it?" yelled Hines, grabbing his hat with both hands and seeming to try to pull it down over his head.

But he hadn't. "Wasn't a half inch from being 9.95," said Official Ed Hicks, "but it was 9.96."

It was Lewis' turn to yelp. "Look again?" he cried, perhaps belying his assertion of a moment before that he'd be

Moses continued his chain of wins with a 49.02 at Modesto.

happy with any time better than his previous best of 10.00, which he equaled in Modesto last year, the fastest ever at sea level.

The next day in Los Angeles, he did his first outdoor long jumping of the year, reaching 28' 1" on his fourth try. Such are Lewis' standards that he looked back irritated at the hole he made in the sand.

Evelyn Ashford had good reason to wait in Modesto. She ran 10.85 in the 100, .03 better than East Germany's Marlies Gehr's world record, but the wind was 2.34 meters per second. "I'm going to cry!" she said. "So now it's like it never happened."

A TV announcer then told her that the wind reading on the false start before the race was only 1.8

"Oh!" she shouted, spinning away. If she'd had a hat, she might have pulled it down over her head.

The wind that had nudged her that touch too hard supported 1976 Olympic champion Mac Wilkins' discus on his longest throw since 1980, 230' 10", only 2' 7" shy of East Germany's Wolfgang Schmidt's world record. "I'm finally learning how to sail them," Wilkins said. "to spin them so they stay flat longer."

"You look bigger," said an admiring voice in the crowd, Wilkins' expression eloquently said, ah, how they forget.

"No, still 255," he said. "I've been unhappy with my throwing for two years. I tried to quit after 1980, but something inside me still wants me to do this. I went through a year [1981] when my best was 206 and Ben Plucknett did 237. Now I'm strong, and the technique is coming, and I just have to remember who I am."

No man can remember ruling any track event as Edwin Corley Moses has the 400-meter hurdles. He won the 1976 Olympic final when he was 20, in a then-record 47.64. He cut the mark to 47.13 in 1980. More compelling to the popular imagination is his feat of having won his last 72 races in a row, a streak dating back to 1977.

But when the 1982 spring campaign began, Moses wasn't ready. "I'd had pneumonia in 1980, and the infection was still lingering," he said last week. "The doctors said if I trained hard before I got healthy, I risked scarring my lungs."

So he waited, and married Myrella Bordi, a West German artist well worth letting the rest of the world go by for. When he wasn't ready by the nationals in June, he took the whole year off. "I've always gone into my races more thoroughly prepared than anyone else," he said. "That's policy. The streak was not the reason for that. The streak was a result of that. My concern was not to protect the streak but to protect my body."

He began again last November, fully healthy. First there was cross-country and Nautilus work, and then interval training that a half-miler would do. "This is not a speed event," he firmly maintains. "It's stamina. The 400 hurdles hurt, and they hurt me, too. All this training is for one thing, the last 100 meters."

In Modesto, he was nervous, setting his blocks wrong and committing a false start. But soon the field was away cleanly. Moses worked the first 200 hard, getting his customary 13 steps between hurdles despite a slight head wind. "I couldn't put the race together in my head beforehand," he would say. "I couldn't even imagine how it would feel. But when I got out there, it all came back."

Yet Andre Phillips was right with him, and last year's NCAA and TAC champion, David Patrick, was only a yard back. "The pressure of the streak," Moses would say, "comes because the other guys are desperate to beat me every time out. It's hard to always be No. 2 or 3 or 4 . . . uh, I imagine."

For Moses, it's simply unacceptable. He charged into the turn as the effort of fighting the wind began to tell on the rest of the field, and halfway down the stretch he had opened a lead of five yards. He won, relaxing, in 49.02 to Patrick's 49.52. Phillips faded to 50.15 in fourth.

Moses bent, hands on knees, for many seconds before he could speak. "That was hard," he said. "The time doesn't reflect the effort." After a slow walk to his sweats, he continued, "The first race is vital, psychologically. . . ." Then Myrella got to him with a hug of relief, and he finally showed his wonderful, gap-toothed smile. "I'm thankful," he said. "Hey, it feels like the good old days."

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Compton (left) fires her blazer in a hurry, while Doom lets her breaking balls loose after a deliberate windup.



by Jill Lieber

Deadly duo: groom and Doom

Tracy Compton and Debbie Doom have made UCLA almost unbeatable

It's an annual spring offering at UCLA, like Thetas in shorts and tank tops, Zetes in Hawaiian shirts and thongs and surfboards strapped to the back of Daddy's Mercedes. It's called Cruising for Guys 101, and it meets every weekday afternoon about 2:30 near the athletic complex. It's a pass/fail course for as many units as you like.

"Let's cut through Pauley Pavilion," says Tracy Compton, a sophomore pitcher on the UCLA women's softball team.

"Now, let's go around," says Debbie Doom, another sophomore pitcher. "I'm not into it."

"This way's shorter," Compton says, dragging Doom in to check out the action. On the courts several pickup basketball games are in progress. In the stands sit three UCLA basketball players, including Kenny Fields. Compton downshifts. Doom, uninterested, unfazed and just along for the ride, keeps walking. She

ning May 25 in Omaha. Both are right-handers, tall—Compton is 5' 10", Doom 6' 1"—and have minuscule ERAs. But they are as different as Marilyn Monroe and Margaret Mead.

"Tracy's my little blonde bombshell," says Coach Sharron Backus, ignoring the rather obvious fact that Compton isn't blonde. "She's breaking hearts all over campus."

Compton, the hardest thrower in women's softball, has a 21-1 record this season, with 17 shutouts, 162 strikeouts and an 0.04 ERA. At a recent practice she took to the pitcher's circle—there is no mound in women's softball—to show off her style: pink lipstick, a touch of mascara, a bit of eye shadow, a dab of blush, a whiff of perfume, hair in jumbles of long, thick curls pulled back with bar-

rettes of Bruin blue to match her uniform. "I'm missing a beach party in Malibu right now," she says.

Compton scuffs the dirt and exclaims, "A beach party!" and slaps the ball into her glove. "My stomach was growling so much in math class today that I had to leave early. I was so embarrassed."

Then, faster than you can say little brunette bombshell, Compton winds up and fires her 80-mph fastball. Zzzzzzz. She never has to think about her delivery; she just does it.

"If she thought about anything, she wouldn't do well," Backus says. "She'd get all pent up. She just has to do it."

At first it appears that the ball will cross the plate at about the top of the batter's socks, but suddenly it takes off and rises above waist level. Pow. The ball

continued

slams into Catcher Shelly Aguilar's mitt. Swwwwinggg. Compton hoots and does a little jig.

"Tracy loves life," says three-time All-America Shortstop Dot Richardson. "She likes herself, and she radiates confidence. She's drinking everything in."

"I like to go out and get it over with," says Compton. "I don't like to overanalyze anything. That's why I'm a math major—there's always one set answer, and it doesn't take long to find it."

Then Compton, who has a 2.6 academic average, does a cartwheel on her way over to the bench. "My fastball can go anywhere," she says, after she stops spinning. "I never know which way my wrist will snap. . . . Oh, I'm a mess. Let me get my brush. . . . Did anyone see *All My Children*?"

Meanwhile, Doom is warming up in the bullpen. She is from Tempe, Ariz. and is shy and analytical. She wouldn't do a cartwheel if she pitched a perfect game. She also hates to dress up. "These are 38-inch legs," she says. "When you have size 11 feet, you live in tennis shoes." She avoids makeup and only combs her hair between innings to keep it out of her eyes.

Doom has super control and the biggest repertoire of pitches in college softball. Her opponents are truly doomed: She is 16-4 this season, with 15 shutouts, 197 strikeouts and an ERA of 0.28.

Off the field, she is so serious about

softball that she spends hours working out in front of a mirror and stays awake at night visualizing hitters and mapping out her game plan. Is it any wonder that she's a psychology major (GPA: 2.9)? "I've got to concentrate to do well," she says. She keeps to herself and holds a lot inside. She is still adjusting to Westwood and having to live "a whole state away" from home. She grew up in a close family and took on the responsibility of caring for her Uncle Wayne, who has cerebral palsy. Last year, she even had second thoughts about coming to UCLA because she didn't want to leave him. "My uncle's my biggest fan," she says. "He went to all my games before I got here. He kept my stats in his head."

On the field, Doom is such a perfectionist that she takes forever to throw each pitch: She puts the ball in her glove. She licks her fingers. She sighs. She brushes back her hair. She crouches. She studies her right foot. She adjusts her weight. . . .

"My outfielders say they can't even blink or they'll miss my pitch," Compton says. "When Doom is pitching, you can write a term paper between pitches."

If you're grading, mark that A+. The Bruins ended the regular season last week with a 35-5 record and the No. 1 ranking in the country. They not only have the best pitching staff and, in Richardson, the best shortstop around, but they also have smarts. They have the highest grade

average of any team at UCLA (3.3), and they're the only team at the school that doesn't have any member on academic probation.

In NCAA regular-season competition, teams play two seven-inning games against each opponent. UCLA has not lost a doubleheader this season. "Because Tracy and Debbie have different styles," says Backus, a former shortstop with the Amateur Softball Association's perennially formidable Raybestos Brakettes, "it's difficult for batters to adjust. Tracy throws heat. By the time batters have her figured out, the game's over. Debbie's so tall and her windup is so slow that it mesmerizes hitters. She takes a long stride, and when she releases the ball it seems like it's right out in front of you. Then, boom, it's there. And the doubleheader is over."

At eight, Compton started pitching for a Pee Wee team called the Peacocks in the Santa Maria, Calif. rec league. When she was 11, her father, Charles, who was her first and only coach until Backus, thought Tracy should graduate from an underhand, slingshot delivery to the adult windmill style. "And I demolished the backyard fence," she says.

As a little kid, Doom was a bowler in Minneapolis, where she lived until moving with her family to Tempe when she was 11. There her father, Dave, signed her up for a softball team called the Firefighters. Father and daughter worked on pitching every night behind their house. When Debbie was 14, her father sought out Hank Duffy, a local softball coach, and, under the lights of the tennis courts in a nearby park, Doomsday dawned. Duffy showed Debbie how to use her height to her advantage—to extend her stride to the edge of the pitching circle, and to disguise her pitches by releasing the ball at calf level rather than at her hip. She discovered she had a natural downswing on the ball, which gave her a drop pitch that fell six inches. She added a rise and a changeup and became too good for her high school team. So, at 17, she joined the Sun City Sables, an ASA team made up of women 10 or 15 years her senior. "Even the cheerleaders were 65," Doom says.

So, with all this success and natural talent and beauty, who needs to take Cruising for Guys 101? "Well," says Compton, looking as if she were about ready to turn another cartwheel, "you can never be too sure."

END



Before facing opposing hitters, Tracy does homework: a dab of this, a puff of that.

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WATER POLO



What finally put the wild world of water polo back in order last week, after six days of upsets and mayhem at the III FINA Water Polo World Cup in Malibu, Calif., were the final 45 seconds of Saturday morning's U.S.S.R.-West Germany game. At stake was the gold medal, with the Soviets needing a victory to win the round-robin tournament and the surprising Germans—seeking their first world title since 1928—needing only a draw. With 45 seconds left, Germany had its tie, 5-5. But the Soviets, defending world, Olympic and World Cup champions, had the ball, and that spoiled the German strategy. "We believe that if we keep the ball, the opponent cannot shoot at us," said German Coach Nicolai Firoiu.

"Vinnie Lombardi used to say that

one's team. When Germany's 6' 5½", 212-pound Thomas Loebb was whistled out with 45 seconds remaining for pummeling Soviet hole man (the water polo equivalent of a basketball center) Georgi Mshvenieradze, Loebb's team was a man short. Twelve seconds later, the 6' 1¾", 214-pound Mshvenieradze fired the ball into the upper left corner of the net, and the Soviets led 6-5.

This so angered Germany's Roland

The Soviets rule the pool

The U.S.S.R. again deep-seized the opposition at the FINA World Cup

by Craig Neff

being held, pushed and sat on. With five seconds to go one Soviet hatchetman was ejected, and four seconds later another one was sent packing. But even with a five-on-four advantage, the Germans couldn't penetrate. Soviet Goalie Evgeni Sharonov is peerless, and the men around him work like a choke chain. Here, they forced a last-second shot from about 16 feet that flew high over the goal cage. The Soviets were champions. The natural order was restored.

Until then, virtually no team had played to form at the eight-day, eight-nation tournament, which the L.A. Olympic Organizing Committee conducted—with encouraging efficiency—as a dry run for next summer's Olympic water



When West Germany's Loebb (blue cap) was evicted for this mugging of Mshvenieradze, the Soviet player scored the winning goal.

too," said one bemused meet official.

In water polo, a team consists of six field players and a goalie who all have license to kick, shove, hold, elbow and all but drown their opponents. Old Vinnie would have loved it. Players can vanish from the surface with frightening suddenness, as if dragged under by Jaws III. Or by 6' 6", 227-pound Gabor Csapo (pronounced CHOP-po) of Hungary, who has been known to leave tooth marks. Players also disappear when a referee ejects them.

Trouble is, ejections are damaging to

Frend, the man assigned to Mshvenieradze in Loebb's absence, that he cursed himself—and was promptly kicked out of the game. A referee from Holland mistakenly thought Freund's comment had been directed at him.

Because of Mshvenieradze's goal, Loebb was allowed to return to the game, which left Germany still one man short. While Loebb went into the hole, the West Germans passed the ball back and forth, hoping one of their excellent outside shooters might see an opening. Instead, as time dwindled, they saw Loebb

polo competition. For example, Hungary, a traditional power in the sport, failed to win any of its seven games and finished next to last. Italy, meanwhile, which shouldn't even have been in Malibu, won the bronze medal. The Italians, ninth-place finishers at last year's World Championships in Ecuador, were added to the field only after No. 7 Yugoslavia turned down an invitation. Even the mighty Soviets lost an early game 8-7 to then lightly regarded Spain, an upset so stunning that afterward four European newspapers, thinking their wire ma-

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chines had malfunctioned, called the meet's press center asking for the real score. "There are five, maybe even six teams that can win the Olympic Games," said U.S. Coach Monte Nitzkowski, and an equal number had a shot at the World Cup title. As Spanish Coach Manuel Ibern put it midway through the tournament, "Every day there's a different monster in front of me."

Monsters weren't the only notable sights in Malibu. Firoiu found it "difficult" to keep control of his German players "because there are so many beautiful women." Soviet Coach Boris Popov, after watching Tom Hernstad of Seal Beach, Calif. officiate the U.S.S.R.'s 6-6 tie with Italy, railed that "the American referee was bad. He was simply unobjective and unqualified." By way of reply, Hernstad showed up at the Soviet-West German game in a T shirt that read: UNOBJECTIVE AND UNQUALIFIED. Even the persistent sunshine was troublesome. Dutch star Constantijn van Belkum, who shared the tournament scoring title (19 goals) with Spain's Manuel Estiarte, got so badly sunburned that his play suffered noticeably in two games.

The biggest surprise, however, was the success of the West Germans, who essentially used only eight field players in the entire tournament—13 is normal—and of small, quick teams like the Italians and the fifth-place Spaniards. The Germans relied on a veteran lineup that featured Loebb, Freund, a lanky, long-range gunner named Frank Otto and Hagen Stamm, an adroit passer and ball stealer. Of Otto, a left-hander with a 50-mile-per-hour shot, Firoiu said, "He takes his place on the list of the best scorers in the world. Sometimes he remembers that list and scores five goals." Against Cuba Otto remembered and, sure enough, scored five times, leading his team to an 11-7 win. Stamm, on the other hand—he uses his right—showed a knack for short bazooka shots that earned him the nickname Phi Stamma Jamma. That doesn't translate into German. Stamm's only trouble was with a persistent stomachache that Firoiu insisted had nothing to do with his team's known partying habits. "No, Hagen doesn't drink," said Firoiu, adding with a smile, "For the others, I wouldn't put my hand in the fire."

Spain and Italy, both young teams, displayed more fire than the sport has recently seen. For years the game has been dominated by physically imposing, me-



Spanish eyes: Estiarte looks one way and passes the ball another way against the U.S.

thodical squads like the Soviets and Hungarians, who use their hole men the way Ohio State used to use its fullbacks: They hand the ball to the nearest Choppo and let the Yugoslavs fall where they may. Spain and Italy, however, swam circles around opponents and showed dazzling talent. The Spaniards, in particular, seem to have the team of the future. In Estiarte, a lithe, 21-year-old soldier from Barcelona, Spain has the sport's next superstar, a successor to Tamas Farago of Hungary, who retired in 1981. Estiarte, unable to train properly for the last five months while stationed in North Africa, nevertheless put the World Cup defenders through 28 minutes (the length of a game) and more than a mile (the distance generally swum during a game) of Manuel labor. No one could stay with him, and few goalies could handle his shots, which came as quick as a splash. Not surprisingly, U.S. college water-polo coaches have started recruiting him.

In the meet's final game on Saturday afternoon, Estiarte fired in three goals to help Spain tie the U.S. 5-5. Thus the Americans, voted co-favorites with the U.S.S.R. by coaches before the meet, finished fourth. And so continued the U.S.'s spotty tradition in the sport: little success until a surprise bronze medal at the 1972 Olympics; failure to qualify for the 1976 Games; a team that had a good shot at the 1980 Olympic gold; a dismal sixth-place finish in the 1982 World Championships.

It should be noted that American wa-

ter-polo players work at a disadvantage in international competition. Older than athletes in most amateur sports (average age: 25), they have to hold real jobs while they train—no government subsidies here—and they must train as a unit. Since last fall, Nitzkowski and his assistants have spent two nights a week coaching a group of players in Southern California and two other nights coaching a bunch in Northern California. Every weekend, one group arrives at the other's workout site for a plenary session. "It's been crazy," says Nitzkowski.

Still, with an intense schedule of meets and training camps set up for next year, including week-long get-togethers with both the Italian and West German teams, Nitzkowski thinks the U.S. will be ready for the 1984 Olympics. "That's the only competition that really matters," he says. "Besides, we didn't have a good 1971 before we won that bronze medal."

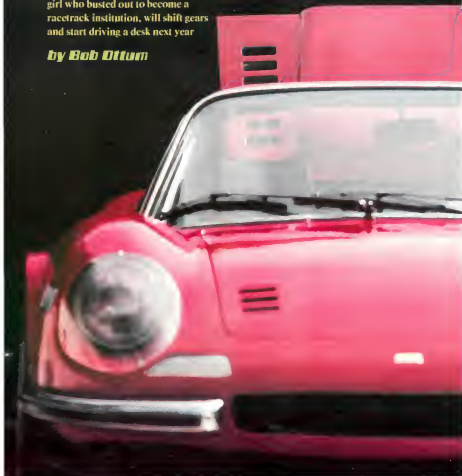
Part of the difficulty in defeating the Soviets for a gold medal next summer will be physically outplaying a team that rarely errs and has good players too deep. But the real key may be to break through a psychological barrier. "The Russians are the Muhammad Ali of water polo," says Italian Coach Gianni Lonzi. "Unfortunately, you are a little afraid of them."

When Firoiu was asked if the best team had won the tournament, he didn't even hesitate. "Sicher," he said. Then he answered in English, "Absolutely." ■

From A Vamp To

Her Ferrari will keep on rolling, but Linda Vaughn, the good ol' Georgia girl who busted out to become a racetrack institution, will shift gears and start driving a desk next year

by Bob Ottum



A Veep



CONTINUED
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Linda Vaughn

continued

sound," Linda sings along, "that saved a wretch lak meeeee. . . ." It's not easy to sing along with Willie Nelson; one always has the unsettling feeling that he's a man whose entire career will be destroyed if he ever blows his nose. "I was blind, but now ah seeeee. . . ."

This is no ordinary car flickening through the darkness. It's a black 1983 Hurst-Olds, the 15th-anniversary num-

ber, with a fully massaged 307 cu. in., 5-liter V-8 engine linked to Hurst's new Lightning Rod four-speed overdrive transmission with lockup torque converter. Not one, but three chromed gearshift levers rise up from the center console, creating seemingly endless possibilities for popping the car up and down through the gears at various speeds. You could drive this dude from here to Minot,

First off, this will be the last auto racing season in which we see Linda Vaughn. That is, Linda as Linda. I mean the lady all racing has come to know and love—Miss Hurst Golden Shifter and Miss Let's Go Race and Miss Trophy Queen. The queen, in fact, of Everything on Wheels. The Linda we've seen a thousand times standing there atop a parade float in one of her shimmering and really clingy little costumes, blowing kisses to the whole world. The Linda of silky soft Southern accent and awesome cantilevered figure and bright blonde mop of hair, of the absolutely brilliant teeth and the air of ingenuousness that may never again be seen in the sport. Well, all of that will be gone from motor sports next year, and this is something of an old-fashioned scoop. See, what's happening to Linda is . . .

No. No, wait a moment. Maybe the best way to make what's happening plain is to go back a couple of weeks to the goings-on in California and Georgia and put it all down in proper order. Sort of a Week in the Life of. And then we'll all come to understand why Linda's leaving is important.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

The car is loping along the Pacific Coast Highway toward Newport Beach. T roof open to the California night sky, with Willie Nelson singing *Amazing Grace* on the tape deck. The car is eating up absolutely everything in its path. Porsches, sloopless Corvettes, metal-flake Trans Ams and what-all, and the engine is trailing behind it a comforting roar, like black bubbles.

"Amazing grace, how sweeeeeeet the

This is the sort of thing the fans will miss: Linda cruizin' the strip, at the Southern Nationals.



N. Dak. and never touch the brakes. It also has the so-called handling package, of course, plus superstock wheels and Goodyear Eagles and a nosejob and a go-to-hell spoiler on the rear deck. Just 3,000 of them were put out by Cars & Concepts, Hurst's parent company, at \$15,000 a copy, and all of them sold immediately. This one is Linda's own, a drive-it-around-and-show-it-off perqui-

sive of her job. "Imagine it," she says, swinging easily around yet another Porsche. "I grew up in the era of muscle cars and now muscle cars are back."

Performance cars are one of the grand passions in Linda's life, summoning up the same sort of visceral satisfaction that diamonds provide for Elizabeth Taylor. Hidden away in a rented garage near her home in Laguna Beach, she has two more

Hurst-Oldsmobiles. There's a white and gold 1974 Indy pace car model with its 455 cu. in. engine—"you sure can't burn no unleaded in that sucker," she says—and a black and gold 1979 model. And then there's "Mah Baby." Hoo boy, Mah Baby is a brilliant red Ferrari Dino 246 GTS equipped with what's lovingly called the Daytona package. That means, among other things, gently flared fend-

continued



Linda Vaughn

continued



Linda's cheekiness is strong but not all that complicated, as NASCAR driver Tim Richmond observes.

ers, special bucket seats and instruments that, "you know, say ever'thing in Italian," according to Linda. It's the last of its breed, built in 1974, and reckoned to be worth \$36,000 now. Which figures: Earlier this very day Linda got it out of the shop where it had undergone a routine tweaking, and the bill came to \$1,800.

All of this represents a long, long leap from Dalton, Ga. for a painfully skinny, towheaded girl who used to wear hand-

me-down dresses and collect Coke bottles beside the road to get the deposit money. But Linda grew up with a sort of vengeance. And now, over dinner at a seaside restaurant in Newport Beach, one can see the results. Images leap to mind: If Linda were an automobile, she'd be a classic supercharged Bentley, 4½ liter. Turn to page 104 for a picture of one. If she were a mountain range, she'd be the Grand Tetons. Or if she were a musical comedy, to borrow from Neil Simon,

people would be humming her face. But that's all metaphorical wordplay: the only honest way to describe Linda is to get right on with it.

The word Junoesque doesn't apply—Linda is only 5' 6½" and 125 pounds or so. And references to Rubens' or Botticelli's languid women or Lillian Russell or Mae West simply won't make it—they were all fatties. And if anyone thinks that what follows here is intended to be cute or chauvinistic, they're just not paying attention. Linda herself is far more earthy and forthright than any of us has ever been in assessing her stunning figure. She's particularly fond of quoting Dolly Parton who, right up there on a national television interview, stoically faced the slightly curled lip of haughty Barbara Walters and said, "Honey, I don't sing with mah boobs."

Well, that's the way Linda feels. And talks. She uses all the same words as Dolly, and many more, a lot of them more pungent, and with absolute candor, "Listen, sweetie," Linda says, "when you've got big boobs like mine, you're guilty until proven innocent." In racing, she has spent about as much time living down her chest as promoting it, but now—at last, after more than 20 years—she has proved to everybody that she's genuine, softly molded curves and all, and not the bubblehead her appearance suggests. "I think the good Lord put me here to do what I'm doing," she says.

That body. It was once described by a Midwest sportswriter as 40-24-37, but what did he know? Linda doesn't go around reciting such stats and never has, indeed, she allows as how a woman's age and income, measurements and whether she foals around are strictly her own business. Linda is married, but has been legally separated for some time from her husband, a former drag racer. And as for being put here to do what she's doing, well, that seems fair enough.

Linda is the final refinement of that giddy American institution, the race-trophy queen. Oh, the breed still goes on, all right, there are trophy queens, racetrack princesses and Miss High Octanes all over the place, particularly in the Deep South. But it's unlikely that any of them will ever reach Linda's stature. She has become a symbol, the by-God First Lady of auto racing in America, and now her

continued

At Atlanta Dragway, Linda, if no one else, wondered how she might look in gray pasties.



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Linda Vaughn

continued

FRIDAY

Fifteen minutes or so from now, Mario Andretti will crash. He'll lose control of his spanking-new Lola T-700 while practicing at 180 mph, and it will slam into the wall at the No. 2 turn here at Atlanta's International Raceway. It will hit the wall twice, in fact, grinding and chewing up its front so it can't be repaired in time for Sunday's race. But Andretti will walk away from this mishap, not blaming spilled oil on the track or faulty suspension or steering or brakes; "I just . . . almost lost it," he'll say. Andretti is always honest about such things.

Now, in the springtime Georgia sun, one foot up on the pit wall, he's talking about Linda. She has just stopped by to deliver hugs to everybody in the crew, and at the moment she's doing the same farther down pit lane. "Y'know, I get all the European automobile racing magazines," Andretti says. "and Linda's pictured in them more than the damn Ferraris. The thing is, she fits in everywhere in racing. Formula 1, Indy cars, stocks and drag racers, you name it. But what's important is that she's more than a pretty object. I mean it; I've known Linda since 1963—my whole family knows her and loves her. And listen: Some guys in racing like to claim this and that about Linda, or say that Linda does this and that. It's all macho crap. What do you call it? Posturing."

Farther down the line, Frank (Rebel) Mundy peers out from under the rim of his cowboy hat. Mundy is a familiar figure at Atlanta Raceway, his home stamping ground. He was a brilliant driver once. Now he scrolls about looking both grizzled and dapper, his neck draped with heavy chains carrying what appear to be solid gold nuggets, and he's wearing a fat gold watchband that weighs 10 pounds if it weighs an ounce. This is an obscure claim to fame, but Mundy was one of the judges who named Linda Vaughn Miss Atlanta International Raceway of 1961. And that started it all.

"See, we had 21 girls come out for the contest," he says. "and let me tell you, she flat won it fair and square. I mean, she was barefoot then, but she was sure the plain winner. Well, she didn't really barefooted, but you know. See, auto racing is a little like a circus to a degree: The people love all the hoopla and the bal-

loons and the fancy parades. And the men, well, they like to see a little cheese-cake now and again. Ain't no harm in that. But what made Linda different than all them others was that she grew into the job of racing ambassador and has been a credit to the sport ever since."

Winning the Miss A.I.R. title may have been easy, but getting there had been hard. On Thursday's flight to Atlanta from Los Angeles, Linda had filled in the early days. The Vaughns spring from Dalton, a small town some 90 miles north of Atlanta, where just about everybody works in the carpet mills. "Mama and Daddy got divorced when I was little," Linda says, "and she was left to raise three children, my brother, C.B. [now 48], my sister, Betty Louise [now 45], and me [now, and forevermore, won't tell]. Mama worked mostly as a seamstress; we were awful poor, but we got by. I mean, I wore patched, faded little old dresses—but they were always clean and starched. And we all worked. I collected Coke bottles and brought home the deposit money and did odd jobs for 50 cents here and there, and I worked as a helper to two dentists who filled all my cavities for free. Lord, I was the scrawniest little old white-haired thing you ever saw."

The family grew and spread on a grand, sort of Faulknerian scale: Mama married twice again and had twin girls, Shirley Jan and Sheila Ann, now 29, and Daddy remarried four more times, producing a half-sister, Cheryl, and a half-brother, Gregory, who died at two. In a profile on Linda four years ago, the *Detroit Free Press* reported that there were 14 brothers and sisters. That's not true. But there are dozens of aunts, uncles, half and full cousins, nieces and nephews—all of them comfortably neighborly and all on speaking terms, including Mama and Daddy, great buggers and kissers in the oldtime Southern style.

"But through it all," says Linda, "I always dreamed that I'd be something special when I grew up. I always pictured myself in long satin gowns with long sleeves like real ladies wore and with mirrors all over the place and owning a pure white, fluffy cat. There I was, a skinny kid tap-dancing on our back porch with my best friend, Patsy Brazell, just tippy-tapping away, not knowing what we were doing, and next thing I knew I was in the

continued



Workouts at Laguna Beach keep Linda in shape.

image is nicely etched into our sporting subconsciousness. Not too long ago it was pointed out that because auto racing draws a ton of spectators—more than 51 million in 1981, according to one survey—and because Linda attends some 150 events a year, traveling more than 150,000 miles, she probably has been seen in person more than any other woman in the world. That's a whizoo statistic, but you get the idea. And harken unto Harlan Thompson of the Faberge Racing Team, a funny-car driver who saw Linda on a European tour last July: "Some places we raced, none of the fans could speak English, but they could all say, 'Leeceenda Vaughn!'"

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Linda Vaughn

continued

Miss Junior America contest. I didn't win it—but I got Miss Congeniality."

As it turned out, that's about the time puberty struck. "I mean, in one summer, about when I was 14," says Linda, "I was all arms and legs and curv, and then, suddenly, my chest just, uh, just blossomed. Lord, I mean, I didn't go to an A cup—I went from flat zero to a C cup just like that. And next year in school, suddenly all the boys wanted to carry my books. Wadn't that funny?"

Linda went on to graduate from Dalton High, and the only sad touch was

Raceway in 1961 and Miss Pontiac in '62 and Miss Firebird in '63, '64 and '65, not to forget a Queen of Speed in there somewhere. There was a life of glamour on the racing circuit. There was a lot of parading, shaking it for the world, presenting trophies and striking artful poses standing beside cars at auto shows. And, finally, there was also the ugly scene that was probably inevitable. It had to do indirectly with Linda's bosom and directly with her public appearances—and it was to establish her guilty-until-proven-innocent theory.

body out. "Y'all let Linda alone," he growled. "She's just doing her job, and she ain't messing with nobody's husband. Let her do her job and you do yours."

And that pretty much ended it. After that, the wives gradually accepted Linda, and nowadays she's one of the crew, sitting in the stands worrying right along with everybody else, with racing kiddies climbing in her lap or tugging at her pants legs. Indeed, Roberts was to become one of her best alltime pals—right up until 1964 at the Charlotte Speedway. After the terrible smashup that was to kill him, Fireball was carried past Linda on a stretcher. "He was all broken and burned and all," she says, crying now at the memory. "And the last thing he said to me was, 'Linda, please go and get Judy [his girl friend] for me.'"

FRIDAY NIGHT

It's a rare occasion when you get all the Indy-car drivers assembled in the same room—they're not the most fraternal bunch in the world—but here they are at a Hilton in Atlanta, with a Dixieland band blaring, booze flowing freely and everybody all gussied up and mingling around several lavish buffets. This is the cocktail party of PPG Industries, the sponsor of this racing series, which will start Sunday with the CART Dixie 200 at Atlanta International Raceway. It will be the first race of the year because the official opener at Phoenix was rained out.

Linda is out there, playing ambassador for Hurst. She's wearing a \$400 lavender silk party dress that's cut up to here on both sides—a design that permits more than occasional flashes of thigh. It's easily the least conservative outfit at this party—heck, maybe in all of Atlanta—and already a couple of race drivers have approached her and allowed as how "Ah swear, Linda, yore dress is tore plumb up to yore whoozis."

Linda's association with Hurst has been her longest and most successful, going back to 1965, when Union Oil swallowed up Pure Oil, leaving Linda temporarily out of a quendum. But along about that time, transmission mogul George Hurst was advertising in the auto-buff magazines for a new Miss Hurst Golden Shifter, which was then, and still is, one of the alltime great dumb titles. The ads specified that the entrants

continued

that, while she had all the requisite physical attributes, she couldn't become a cheerleader. "That stuff was just for the rich girls," she says. "I mean, they had to buy their own cheerleading uniforms. Heck, the letter sweaters cost \$40, and we just flat couldn't afford it."

Schooling stopped right there, but then came more contests, "each one of them a college education on its own," says Linda. She was crowned Miss Poultry Princess (nobody in the family remembers just whose Miss Poultry or much else about the contest: "Oh, you know, just, umm, Miss Poultry"). And then came Miss Atlanta International

As one might imagine, stock-car-racing wives tend to be mostly good of country girls. "They're pretty clishquish," Linda says, "and they're not keen on seeing anybody kissing their man, even if it's just to give him a trophy." And, sure enough, at one race in the early '60s, several of them advanced in a growling, angry group, finally bunched up on the outside of the chain-link fence at Victory Lane and muttering about big-breasted home-wreckers and threatening to tear Linda to bits for messin' with their men, as they put it. And suddenly, along came Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, who marched right up to the fence and chewed every-

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Linda Vaughn

continued

must have sound teeth. "So I called George Hurst," Linda says, "and I asked him, 'Listen, are you lookin' for a lady or a racehorse?'" "Well, Linda says the story going around at the time was that Hurst's earlier girl had been a stunner, shapely and all, but that her false teeth kept falling out. "Anyway," says Linda, "I took my mama with me to the meeting so's there wouldn't be any hanky-panky. But as it turned out, it was all business, and in 1966 I signed a contract for \$8,000 a year plus expenses and a car."

The growth after that was phenomenal for both parties, and Hurst sales aside, perhaps the most vivid memory of those heady times was the Hurst gearshift parade car, an unbelievable creation that could give phallic symbolism a bad name. There would be Linda, standing beside the oversized shift lever and waving and blowing kisses to the crowds. But to Linda the Hurst car was preferable to the conventional parade floats she had ridden on in her earlier roles. "At last I could stand on a real platform and they could see all of me, legs and all," she says. "It got to be a regular, expected part of so many preface shows everywhere. I mean, I was like the national anthem."

And the racing fans weren't the only ones yelling hoo-ree. Over the years both *Playboy* and *Penthouse* magazines have offered handsome checks to Linda to pose for picture layouts. But she has turned them down. She has a gut instinct—correct, as it turns out—that these magazines don't quite understand what it is she's doing up there. This is true of some fans as well, but there's really nothing complicated about it: The idea is to look but not leer. Come on, it's sexy but not sexual. "All this prancing and posing is done in a sort of high fun, and the fans know that," she says. "Posing naked would spoil it all; it just wouldn't be fair to them and to me."

This straightaway attitude extends also unto boyfriends and gentleman callers: Everybody in racing knows there have been plenty through the years, from an army general to a famous quarterback to movie ads to "a millionaire who wanted to buy me my own private jet with my initials on the side." But Linda wouldn't discuss her love life any more than she would dream of telling auto racing secrets: "I've been in and out of ga-

rages, and I overhear or they tell me the most inside things about racing," she says. "But they could break all my arms and legs and I'd never tell."

But, you know, the parading and the whoopee costumes and the parties and all probably create the impression that Linda's job is all play and no work. And we might as well settle that number right here. There was a time when a trophy queen was pretty much just that: The winning driver would whip his car into

product; He wanted instant recognition, and he understood his market. He established Linda as his trademark the way Campbell's Soup did those dumpling-checked kids and Morton Salt did its girl carrying the umbrella. He exhibited gear shifters at sport and trade shows throughout the U.S. and overseas; it seems like there's a show somewhere every week. And his queen was always there, banner, blonde curls and all, talking to the customers. But knowledgeably. Maybe the



By 1966, her third year as Miss Hurst Golden Shifter, Linda's appearance was a preface to big things.

Victory Lane and tug off his leather helmet. His face would be all oil-stained—with those marvelous white circles around his eyes where his goggles had been—and the trophy queen, wearing a sash banner reading MISS WHATEVER RACEWAY, would hand him the trophy and give him a nice big smooch. And then do it over and over again as photographers recorded it with their 4×5 Speed Graphics. And that was about it for the queen.

But Hurst and a few other automotive entrepreneurs changed all that in the '60s. To Hurst, whose goal was to sell more competition transmissions than anybody on this planet, his new Miss Golden Shifter had to represent his

big surprise here is that Linda really understands transmissions and high-performance stuff. She even attended the Jim Russell driving school for racers so she could do her job better. Good student, too, she says she's absolute murder in a chucane.

Not long after Linda joined Hurst's team, he used her as the centerpiece of a big move on NASCAR, a campaign involving trade shows and speaking engagements, plus the parades and posturing. That first year, 1965, just two NASCAR stockers raced with Hurst gear shifters; a year and a half later, the entire field was equipped with them. And Linda began to appear as a speaker at civic- and service-club luncheons around the cir-

continued

Linda Vaughn

continued

suit—sometimes introducing race drivers, but always plugging the product. She also started promoting the Hurst Rescue Tool, a device that can quickly rip open smashed cars to free trapped drivers, and began to raise money for burned and injured race victims. And finally, with Hurst's blessing, she served as liaison between some sponsors and drivers, to bring some of them together. It all ultimately grew into a kind of ambassadorship—precisely the role Hurst had envisioned years before—that resulted in Linda and the Hurst company being completely identified with each other. And she works hard at her role. Last year, she traveled 180,000 miles to attend 134 different events, from races to speeches to parades to whatever.

SUNDAY

There are some 20,000 racing fans on hand for the NHRA Southern Nationals at Atlanta Dragway—and they all seem a bit feverish. They don't care much for any other sport, including Georgia football and its famous dropout. Several pickup trucks out in the nearby meadows carry bumper stickers that say **BURN BILLY LIKE A RACER**. But, ah, drag racing brings color to their cheeks—and eventually, because of the fumes, to their eyes, by sundown at one of these events it's like the Night of the Living Dead. On this particular morning, there's a review, changing wind. For long moments the air is awash with the delicate scents of spring flowers and the pink and white flowering dogwood—and then, suddenly, along comes the thick, biting smell of fumes and hot exhaust and burning rubber, as well as the crashing sheets of sound that seize and rattle the entire body. The American Medical Association ought to do a study on the physiological effects of funny-car burnouts. "You got to get right down there beside them and let the whole blast engulf you," says Linda. "It's like nothing else you've ever felt in your life."

Today's Miss Hurst costume consists of a white semitransparent jumpsuit, made of the silk used in drag racing's brake-parachutes. The suit is worn over

a flesh-toned body stocking, creating vague nude effects that seem to change with the light. On all sides men and boys stumble into each other and walk into ditches, staring at her. But Linda knows her racing psychology. "I think this outfit is probably too sophisticated for this crowd," she says. "I ought to be wearing a T-shirt and shorts."

But Mama likes it. Indeed, Mama Mae drove over from Dalton, along with a clutch of cousins and a niece and nephew



Cali Tebbelough got the winner's kiss at the 68 Division 700

or two, all of them solid Linda fans. "I used to make all of her costumes," Mama Mae says, "and in the old days, if there was any doubt about a miniskirt, well, we'd just make it a bit shorter. No. Come on, we're all just kidding."

It's easy to see now that Linda came by her figure honestly: Mama Mae is a stout little woman with an absolutely formidable chest and carefully coiffed white hair and a disarming smile. "You see my mama's figure?" Linda says. "Well, when we both sit down at a table to eat—and if we happen to spill something—well, nothing ever falls in our laps." Mama shakes her head at this teasing, but she positively glows with maternal pride. "We're all just so proud of Linda," she says. "As for what she's doing, these skanky little outfits and all, we all recognize that it's part of this racing business. Why, one of the twins, Shirley, is married to a man who's just got himself a new

sanctuary in the Assemblies of God Church and they both understand and respect that Linda is just doing her job. You know, it wasn't easy, raising three children by myself, but we managed. Looking back on it all now, it seems as how Linda just grew up overnight. And she was never ugly, like she says she was, though I can remember her saying to me, 'Mama, I ain't got no more figure than an old mop handle.'"

The rest of Mama Mae's chatter is lost in a rolling, percussive clasp of sound, an explosive shock that makes kidneys and kneecaps bounce. It comes from the pit of Shirley Muldowney, the three-time world top fuel champion. Her son and her crewmen are vigorously zapping the engine on her long, pink tail dragger before sending it off into combat. Standing off to one side in her bulky fireproof pants and boots, Muldowney waits until the engine is shut down and then says, "Never mind Linda's costume, it's part of the scene. The point is that Linda really belongs here. She plays several roles, and the fans expect all this and love it. You know, the ones who don't belong here are some of these pit dummies who hang around, looking for a free ride to the pits. If I see them hanging around my place after my crew, I tell them flatly, 'Look, why don't you try the next pit.'"

SUNDAY NIGHT

The jet truck made it all worthwhile. As one of the fans said just a few moments ago, "Who-eeeee, I'm probably sterile for life now, but, Lordy, how about when he put a match to that big sucker?" I mean, he lit off that truck and there was a ramblin' trail of fire clear back to Savannah.

Was there ever. The act was used to close the show—Boh Moiz and his big Kenworth truck, with 17,500 pounds of thrust, out of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. It looks pretty ordinary, as these tractors go, with no trailer behind it, but when Moiz cranks it up, bright shafts of fire flash upward out of the vertical exhaust pipes, and rolling, thunderous whumps of flame and concussion shoot out the open jet tube at the back end. On Saturday, at

continued

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Linda Vaughn

continued



What Linda brings to the road: a 4-cylinder supercharged Bentley

the first season of the Southern Nationals, this blew out a big window in the Winston Tower, and it posted a few people right up against the chain-link fence. Today nobody had gotten any smarter about taking cover, and when Metz fired it off, the air was full of Styrofoam picnic hampers and beer cans. Then when he let her roll, the truck exploded out of its own smoke cloud, trailing this long tail of fire. Have you ever seen anything lurch fast? Well, he made it through the quarter-mile in 8.28, which converts to 146.57 mph, while the crowd was going absolutely bananas, their clothes all whipping every which way and their teeth getting blackened in the smoke. Now that's gross.

But that's really the idea. Somehow the entire madcap scene serves to italicize auto racing and Linda and their roles in sports. For the record, earlier in the day Muldoway had been beaten. The winner of the event was Gary Beck of El Toro, Calif., who had rolled away to a 5.534 elapsed time (249.30 mph). The victory kept him ahead of Muldoway in Winston Series points. Over at Atlanta International Raceway, Gordon Johncock had won the Indy Car Duze 200, in spite of making one goofy, sliding-side-

ways pit stop. And now, at a typical Southern drag strip, Linda is dutifully saying goodbye to her fans.

This is more of a goodbye than they realize. What's coming is a real wrench. Back at Brighton, Mich., the home of Cars & Concepts, the chairman of the board, Dick Chrysler, has decided the time has come to promote Linda Vaughn. After this season, there'll be no more putading and posturing for Miss Hurst Golden Shifter, the former Miss Poultry Princess. No more of those skimpy costumes with fringes and cowboy hats and cleavage, no more garters snapped off into the eager crowds. The new Linda will be entirely different.

"We want to bring her into more of a corporate position," says Chrysler.

"Really, where Linda excels is in her wealth of contacts; she knows everybody and is well-liked and trusted by everybody. It's our goal to make Hurst the principal supplier of shifters to the entire U.S. automobile industry. And we need Linda to help us." With that in mind, Chrysler plans to make Linda vice-president of public relations and promotion, responsible for directing overall activities in those fields.

Imagine it! A vice-president Linda Vaughn, executive. There'll be other Hurst queens, of course—some successor is probably out there right now, tippy-tapping away on her mama's back porch—but there will never be another Miss Golden Shifter. That act and title will be officially retired. Maybe they'll have Linda's bra bronzed and put in a Hurst trophy case somewhere for unbelieving future generations to goggle at. But, who cares? What counts is that the company has been smart enough to recognize a national treasure and to act to preserve it.

Linda has been thinking about this new departure. She asks "How do you think I'll look in a gray pinstriped suit, very severe, with a nice blouse that'll play down my boobs and with my hair all

pulled back in a bun? And carrying a leather briefcase? I can do it, you know. It's what I've been working for."

Certainly she can do it. She also knows that a race queen can carry on only so long, it's an exhausting job. Indeed, the biggest recent boost to her morale came with the April 11 issue of PEOPLE with its cover billing, SEXY HUSBAND, and story about all those artfully maturing glamour girls. Cover-girl Linda Evans of TV's *Dynasty* is 40. And Jane Fonda, Ann-Margret, Raquel Welch, Ursula Andress, Joan Collins and others—they're all 40 and older. Linda admires them and knows some of them personally. And, while she doesn't usually talk about it, she will now admit to an old friend that she, too, is about that age. But does her precise age really matter to anyone? Could it possibly change anything with her racing fans? Earlier in the week, Johncock had looked in her for a long moment, squinting. "I swear," he said, "I keep getting older and you keep getting younger." And one could tell that he found that to be a comforting verity, something a guy could count on.

And now, watching Linda at work at the Atlanta Dragway, one can see that she is, sure enough, all the things these various people have been saying. She works diligently for her sport, promoting rookie and supersar driver alike, and caring for racing's wounded by raising money and visiting hospitals. Once during the week, in a pensive, reflective moment, she had murmured, "Mah heart's as big as mah breasts," and that's probably true. Fittingly, just as she dreamed so many years ago, Linda now lives in a nice house that has mirrors all around, wears pretty satin gowns and has a fluffy white cat.

Becoming a big automotive executive will take a lot of getting used to—she'll miss those wild-eyed crowds and the festive whoop-de-do just as much as they'll all miss her. But Linda is sure it's time to move on; the important thing is that it's still something involving motor sports, her first and only love. "I guess I'm sort of like a race driver," she says. "No matter what happens, no matter how mean life gets or no matter how bad they treat me, or how many times I crash, I just keep putting my helmet back on and jumping back into that car."

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On The Scene

by SAM MOSES

THE U.S. ADAPTATION OF PRO RALLYING KEEPS DRIVERS AND FANS IN THE DARK

There are strange things going on in the woods at night, stirring things, thrilling things, dangerous things, things that we don't hear much about and that if we ever came upon by chance might affect us like a close encounter of another kind.

Imagine yourself camping in a forest at 3 a.m., and you're awakened by a muted howl, far in the distance. It grows closer, far too rapidly to be alive. It sounds mechanical, or unearthly if your imagination tends toward that sort of interpretation. The pitch of the howl rises and falls and the thing approaches as a glow through the trees, and it passes through your mind that in seconds the world is going to end. Finally, the thing bursts upon you with an explosion of brilliant lights and a roaring engine, and you say, "Is that a car?" but you can't believe it because cars don't move sideways. Then you catch a glimpse of two men inside, apparently controlling it, and after it passes the big yellow lights become smaller red ones, taillights that tell you for sure it's a car. The taillights chase the headlights off into the woods at about 70 mph, and the howl tapers away. You look back in the direction it came from. There's another one coming.

Somehow you've pitched your camp along the route of an SCCA (Sports Car Club of America) professional rally. The event is a far cry from the more familiar amateur rally, which is held on public roads and planned so drivers don't need

to speed to win. A pro rally is a high-speed chase through the woods at night, usually beginning at dusk and ending just before daybreak. There are 13 rallies in the SCCA series, over mazes in forests from Wellsboro, Pa., to Mendocino, Calif. The cars start at one-minute intervals and are timed over a number of stages, commonly from 10 to 30 miles long on narrow park roads and dirt logging trails. A typical rally might have 12 or 13 stages totaling 120 to 150 miles—though there are some two-day rallies that are double that—with stretches of highway connecting the stages and a service area for refueling and changing tires between them.

This format is similar to that of a rally in Europe, where the sport is taken extremely seriously, with heavy factory participation and hundreds of spectators lining the often icy roads. But in Europe they race in broad daylight and on public highways; because motor racing is a way of life there, governments obligingly barricade the roads. But in the U.S., where there's a woeful lack of appreciation for skillful driving, such accommodation is rarely heard of. So rallies often include stages held under the cover of darkness, usually on public land, if not highways, the drivers, like outlaws, running through the night. Which is just as well. The sub-rosa nature of the proceedings brings a special challenge to the sport and gives it a uniquely American character.

The most successful rally driver in the U.S. is a lean and energetic 37-year-old Vermonter named John Buffum. He has won the SCCA championship six of the eight years he has competed, including last year, and the North American championship, which includes Canada, four times. In addition, he has also placed higher than any other American in the famed five-day Monte Carlo rally: In 1969, while stationed in Germany with the Air Force, he bought a used Porsche 911 from the factory team and drove to 12th overall.

A rally driver needs superb car control and a lion's heart. "Trying to read the roads going that fast at night is like trying to read in a foreign language," says Buffum. "You don't have time to translate it,

you've got to think in that language. When trees come out of the dark ahead of me, I can't be thinking about what they mean. I have to be able to sense them if I'm going to react quickly enough."

Rally drivers never see the course before the start, so they need navigators. The navigator is the ultimate backseat driver; he literally tells the driver where to go. He, too, isn't permitted to see the course in advance and is given a route book outlining it only hours before the start. The book contains mileage notations, stick diagrams of intersections—called tulips—and terse notes subject to interpretation. He communicates with the driver via a helmet intercom, as if they were flying in a two-place jet fighter, giving him a countdown in tenths of miles to the turns, which come out of nowhere given the speeds—routinely as much as 100 miles an hour, sometimes even more. Between keeping his place in the route book and watching the digital odometer on the dashboard—frequently adjusting it after frantic arithmetic in his head, the car's wheelspin having thrown it off—the navigator barely has time for glances through the windshield.

Enormous mutual trust is needed. The navigator must have faith that the driver isn't going to toss them both over a cliff, and the driver must have confidence that the information he's being given is accurate. False alarms will cause him to drive tentatively, and surprises bring what Buffum calls "bulling moments," the words expelled as if someone were squeezing his solar plexus. Says Buffum's diligent navigator for the last five years, Doug Shepherd, "I've never seen John's jaw go slack. I've seen his eyes wide a few times, but never his jaw slack." He means it as a compliment to Buffum's control and perception, but it's also an indication of his own sharp navigation.

Bulling moments—and sometimes edgy ones—can also occur if the driver and navigator don't understand each other perfectly. How simple it sounds to take directions from a passenger, how confusing it can be. Misunderstanding lurks at every turn. Buffum and Shepherd have their own language and code words. For example, "Straight right in 20" means: There's a side road branching left in two-tenths of a mile, but don't take it.

Buffum's car, a German Audi Quattro, is one of only a few specially built by the factory, the others belonging to top Euro-



continued



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pean rally teams. It was ordered last year by Porsche/Audi, a subsidiary of Volkswagen of America, which has Buffum under contract, and he drove it to victory in 10 of the 13 rallies last year. It is a spectacular automobile, a rolling paradox, created from a luxury sedan, the elegant and expensive (\$36,000) Quattro. It has full-time four-wheel drive, a turbocharged five-cylinder engine, fuel injection and a five-speed gearbox. Buffum's Quattro produces about 320 horsepower and is as solid as a German tank. Last July he entered it in the Pikes Peak Hillclimb and shattered the stock-car record by 30 seconds, shocking Peak veterans: a foreign car demolishing marks set by the likes of Parnelli Jones and Bobby Unser, who in years gone by had charged up the mountain and set stock-car records in thundering American V-8s. Says Salty Sotolano, Buffum's colorful mechanic who helped rebuild the car in Germany before it was shipped to Libra Racing, Buffum's shop in South Burlington, Vt. "I've been in this game a long time,

and I've never seen a car like this. Bleepin' thing's awesome." The four-wheel drive and turbocharger give the Quattro a wide competitive edge, but there is a flip side: They also make it extremely difficult to drive—flat-out on dirt roads, at least. The 4WD provides traction in turns when Buffum would sometimes rather slide tail-out; and keeping the turbo on the boost, or "kicked in," is a challenge only the very best drivers can meet. To stay on the boost Buffum has to keep on the throttle, even in tight turns. He has had to learn a special technique: left foot braking. While he presses his right foot on the gas pedal for the turbo's sake, he stands on the brake with his left foot for his own sake, for survival. When it's time to accelerate again he eases his foot off the brake and the car springs forward.

The turbo whines as it is unbound. Stones smash against the skid plate under the chassis as all four wheels churn. At this point the car is usually still so far sideways that Buffum's arms are completely crossed on the steering wheel; they untwist back to nine o'clock and three o'clock, and he speeds off toward the next turn, the turbo's whine building like the sound of a spaceship taking off in

a science-fiction movie. Buffum upshifts at 7,000 rpm without watching the tachometer, so intent is he with the task at hand outside his windshield. Nothing distracts him, not even the trees whizzing past the Quattro's windows, branches clicking against the door handles as it speeds down the pencil-thin logging road in the dead of night.

Sometimes a rally feels like a moonshine run. Only infrequently do the cars come upon each other on the road, so



driver and navigator feel alone with their mission. But suddenly, near a paved road, they will reach an intersection where photographers' strobe lights will flash and unseen spectators will shout encouragement, reminders that they're in a race. Then it's back into the forest again.

Buffum occasionally mumbles to himself, and through the headset he sounds like Ray Charles groaning to his music at the piano. Buffum's feet play passionately on his own pedals, creating the rhythmic whine and chirp of the turbo, and even the shattering of stones on the skid plate seems part of some outrageous original melody. And when the brakes lock, the oil-pressure warning light on the dash, as big and round as a sand dollar, flashes a protest and fills the cockpit with an amber glow.

One of Buffum's most enjoyable wins was last October in the Tour de Forest Rally through the Olympic National Forest and mountain foothills, near Olympia, Wash. There was a stage in the rally called Bingham Creek; it was the longest at 20.78 miles. It was also Buffum's favorite, breathtaking, winding around the walls of a deep canyon, the gravel road everywhere "exposed," as the route book

noted. That's the same ominous message one finds in rock climbing guide books, and it means: If you fall here, you're going straight down for a while.

The hairpin turns on the stage were on the face of the canyon walls, and the broad beams of the six high-intensity headlights sprayed light into the black void beyond the edge. Buffum threw the Quattro into the turns, one foot hard on the throttle and the other bouncing on the brake, the turbo howling and the stones thrown God only knows how far.

Buffum was running from the man who dethroned him as champion in 1981, New Zealander Rod Millen, who started each stage of the Tour de Forest one minute behind him. As the Quattro climbed the far side of the Bingham Creek canyon the lights from Millen's Mazda RX-7 appeared winding down the opposite wall. They were miles away, and Buffum knew they would stay there. The Quattro was invincible this night.

Buffum won the Tour de Forest by four minutes over Millen, averaging 49.94 mph for the 131 miles and being fastest over seven of the nine stages. And he would go on to win the 1982 SCCA championship, again over Millen, who would win four rallies during the year but was simply outgunned by the Quattro. But around the time of the Tour de Forest, Millen saw the light—it would take a 4WD to beat the Quattro.

Buffum won the first two rallies of 1983 as easily as he had won most of them last year. In the third rally, Buffum introduced his new Quattro, which has the same features as the last one, and Millen unveiled his new car: a 4WD Mazda RX-7 that he had built himself. It was a giant-killing effort: a small shop in California vs. an entire factory in Germany. Buffum won again. But in only its second rally, on April 17, the Mazda upset the Quattro. Buffum literally upset himself, rolling the Quattro on its roof during the event, a fairly common and usually harmless occurrence for a rally driver, but still humbling for Buffum.

But the message had been sent, the gauntlet thrown. Buffum and the Quattro would not have it all their way with the series this year, as they had in 1982. **END**

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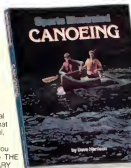
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

KAREEM & CO.

Sir:

Your May 9 cover story on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (*The Force Ran His Course*) showcased the fact that at 36 he's playing some of the best basketball of his life. As a fan, I've appreciated the determination, hustle and enthusiasm he has exhibited this season. If consistency in sports is a mark of greatness—and I believe it is—then Abdul-Jabbar is just about the greatest.

DAN D'NEILL
Los Angeles

Sir:

I was amazed to see that Los Angeles' 3-1 lead over an average Portland club was bigger news than Milwaukee's 3-0 lead over an excellent Boston team. I can't believe you devoted your cover and main article to the Lakers without giving the Bucks a single sentence, not to mention a photo. Many people expected L.A. to beat the Blazers, but who ever imagined that Milwaukee, without Dave Cowens and with an always hobbling Bob Lanier, would have a three-game lead over the Celtics? The Bucks deserved a pat on the back. It's time the media and SI woke up to the fact that there are teams in the NBA besides Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston.

RON RECHERT
Plymouth, Wis.

MANDATE FOR MOSES

Sir:

While reading in my Greek Bible the other day, I stumbled across a verse that took on added significance in light of current events in the NBA playoffs. As is well known, Philadelphia is a Greek word found often in the Bible; in translation it means "brotherly love." With all the references in the press to Moses Malone leading the 76ers to the "promised land"—an NBA championship—the verse I was reading had new force. It was Hebrews 13:1, which says, in effect, "May Philadelphia continue." Moses, you have your mandate!

JOHN HAYES
Master of Divinity Candidate
Western Conservative Baptist Seminary
Portland, Ore.

GONE FISHING

Sir:

I was watching the 76ers and the Bucks play their first game of the Eastern Conference finals on TV and also catching up on the latest issue of SI when I came to the article *The Rivers of Thou Shalt Not* (May 9) by William Humphrey. The story made me forget about Moses Malone and Sidney Moncrief and start thinking about the Ichen, the Test and wily trout. In fact I was so inspired by

Humphrey's accounts of fishing those fabled waters that I tore myself away from the last seven minutes of the basketball game—of course it went into overtime—and, fly rod in hand, rushed down to the Snake for the first time this season.

Breaking a few of the English angling rules Humphrey cited, such as not wading or casting downstream to an unseen fish, I had the jolly good luck to catch—and release—a 19-inch 3½-pound cutthroat. My thanks to Humphrey for an interesting—and motivating—article.

TOM MATTHEWS
Jackson, Wyo.

RYAN'S RECORD

Sir:

I enjoyed Jim Kaplan's article on Nolan Ryan's latest milestone (*For Ryan, It Was a Very Special K*, May 9). Still, I must take exception to his downplaying of the accomplishments of modern pitchers like Ryan by negatively comparing their performances with those of pitchers of Bob Feller's era. I find the statement "And yes, expanding from 16 teams and 400 players to 26 and 650 put more pay to batters on major league rosters" asinine.

Consider the following points: 1) The population of the U.S. has increased by 75 million since 1950, and this growth is mirrored by baseball's expansion; 2) Contemporary pitchers like Ryan are facing outstanding black and Hispanic batters who were barred during earlier eras; and 3) Ryan spent numerous years in the American League facing designated hitters rather than pitchers.

I'm sure Kaplan can counter with a variety of arguments, including the greater diversity of the American sport scene today, which has drawn excellent athletes away from baseball. But I'm tired of hearing about how terrific the players of the "good old days" were. Such statements are very subjective and impossible to justify or refute.

JEFF FAY
New York City

THE MEANING OF "NO MAS"

Sir:

I want to thank SI for printing *LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER* (May 9) and Angel Reyes for explaining to unknowledgeable Americans the truth about Roberto Duran and the no más incident in his second fight with Sugar Ray Leonard. In my opinion, Reyes is correct in his analysis. Even after their first fight, Duran said, "I am no clown." In their second meeting, Leonard made a mockery of the art of boxing. However, most American sports watchers know little of the

sweet science and therefore thought Duran quit because he was outboxed. Duran was not going to take part in a circus event. Leonard also avoided even talking about a third match, which would have drawn a lot better than Leonard-Finch or Leonard-Stafford.

JOHN NICHOLAS SKOTES
Mesa, Ariz.

ROOMIES (CONT.)

Sir:

As one who has a roommate, I enjoyed Jack McCallum's article *For Better, For Worse* (May 2). As a Greek major, however, I found a mistake in his research. He claims that Homer "made no mention of roommates in his writings." I think McCallum should open up his copy of *The Iliad* and check again, because Homer clearly shows his hero, Achilles, "rooming" with a man named Patroklos. I refer specifically to Book Nine of *The Iliad*, beginning on line 663 of Richmond Lattimore's translation:

There the old man lay down and waited for the drive Dawn / But Achilles sleep in the inward corner of the strong-built shelter, / and a woman lay beside him, one he had taken from Lesbos, / Phorbos' daughter, Diomedes of the fair colouring, / In the other corner Patroklos went to bed, with him also / was a girl, Iphix the fair-profted, whom brilliant Achilles / gave him, when he took sheer Skyros, Enipeus' cradle."

Like some of the roommates in McCallum's story, Achilles and Patroklos were very different from one another. Achilles was the greatest of the Greek warriors. He was also a superb athlete. Homer often refers to him as "swift of foot." But like most superstars, he was also brash, arrogant and slightly spoiled. (I will resist the temptation to add that he turned out to be prone to heel injuries.) Patroklos was brave and competent as a soldier, but certainly no Achilles. He was, however, quiet, patient and intelligent. Although he and Achilles were different, they were loyal, devoted friends. Space does not permit me to tell more of their friendship, except to remark that Patroklos died wearing Achilles' armor.

CHRISTOPHER W. DOWNEY
Tufts University
Medford, Mass.

BRYANT'S GIFT

Sir:

We who saw Kevin Bryant score 15 touchdowns in the first three games of his junior year here at North Carolina knew he was truly Special K (*The Man Who Makes the Stars Shine*, April 25). There is no telling what

might have happened during his college career had he not been plagued with injuries. That problem seems to be behind him and we are delighted with his progress in the USFL.

Barry McDermott's article describes Bryant as a quiet man off the field, one not given to flashiness. However, one action he recently took off the field was golden and deserves notice. He gave the University of North Carolina a sizable gift to establish a general academic scholarship for undergraduates majoring in recreation administration. It was a classy thing to do.

H. DOUGLAS SEVENS

Chairman

Curriculum in Recreation Administration
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, N.C.

WYOMING'S BROCK BROTHERS

Sir:

We here in Laramie are mighty proud of the job Greg Brock is doing for the Dodgers, and, for the most part, Steve Wulf was complimentary of Brock in his story on Steve Garvey (*It Was Too Good To Be True*, April 25). However, Wulf's comparison of Garvey's ability to talk to the press with Brock's—"Brock is nice enough but his charisma quotient is low"—was ludicrous. Garvey has had a decade of training in talking to the press. Why bother comparing a veteran with a rookie? That goes for the rest of Brock's game, too. Given time, I'm sure Dodger fans will have plenty of room in their memories for both Garvey and Brock.

By the way, Brock, a former All-America baseball player at the University of Wyoming, has a younger brother, Eric, playing there now and tearing up the WAC. A smooth-fielding senior infielder and leadoff batter, Eric has been hitting better than .400, with an on-base percentage of more than .700, and leading the Cowboys in RBIs.

GARY L. CHAZEN

Laramie, Wyo.

RELIEF TO START

Sir:

In his article on Chicago White Sox pitchers (*Armstrong for a New Season*, April 18), Frank Deford asked if anyone had ever heard of a relief pitcher going so bad the manager dropped him into the starting rotation. That was exactly what happened to Allen Ripley of the Chicago Cubs in 1982. Ripley was being bombed regularly and had an ERA of more than 11 when Manager Lee Elia decided he would be more effective as a starter. He was, lowering his ERA to 4.26 by the end of the season.

GERALD E. RUTICKA

Warrenville, Ill.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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First Person

By JOAN ACKERMAN BLOUNT

LIFE AS THE OBJECT OF A ROOSTER'S DEVOTION IS NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT

I used to think that the last thing in the world I'd ever want to do was watch a cockfight. Now I realize that the last thing in the world I'd ever want to do is be in one. I came to this realization because these days every time I walk out the door I find myself in just such a fight.

It's always with the same rooster—Jack, a Plymouth Rock who has been living with us since December. He's a large handsome fellow with an ornate shawl of black-and-white feathers that gives him a kind of low-brow French dignity. All winter long he was a docile pet, letting me stroke him and coo to him while I held the water bowl beneath his curved beak and marveled at his loud gurgling digestive system. But now that spring has arrived, this same rooster, who used to spend his days huddled on the rafters of our barn looking very picturesque and keeping the horse company, has become a hurricane. The force "that through the green fuse drives the flower" is driving my rooster straight at me.

For fans who have never considered cockfighting a sport, let me tell you, it is one. I'm not very good at it—my only flair is the way I handle the broom—but Jack is an ace at it. He will be casually pecking at the ground, sucking worms up through the soft earth and muttering little clucks to himself, when suddenly he will stop, fix his gaze on me, ruffle up his feathers as if he were rolling back his shirt-sleeves, lower his head and charge. He's only a foot and a half tall, but he acts as if he were Big Bird.

I've known for a while that Jack is no ordinary rooster. A month ago a huge red dog with one blue eye and one brown eye stole into our barn, grabbed Jack in his jaws and abducted him, taking him down to the center of Mill River, the tiny village in Massachusetts where we live. Jack Stanton, who was working at his garage, yelled at the dog, causing him to drop the rooster, who immediately disappeared. I spent the day searching for him. I looked in barns and under bushes, up behind the general store, through the cemetery

where artificial flowers poked through the melting snow, over the bridge, back behind the church, up and down hills. I felt miserable. I pictured my poor rooster wandering through the darkening woods, deeper and deeper into the world of raccoons and dogs—a stalwart figure, a gay songster, the red wattles under his chin swinging from side to side as he kept a steadfast course.

But no, he was spending the afternoon taking it easy on Bill Stevens' woodpile in Southfield, the next village. It turned out that he had climbed up under Bill's station wagon, which was parked at Stanton's garage, and had ridden 10 miles to the dump and then back to Stevens' house, all the while perched on the axle rod or the distributor. When we got a call from Bill late in the afternoon telling us the rooster was in his backyard, eating some grain, I about died. Only then did I

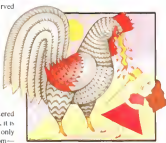
which he has had ample opportunity to attack all sorts of people—men, children, other women who stand next to me. He always goes for me. At this point I don't know whether to be flattered or insulted. I do know that I no longer leave the house without a broom.

This turn of events troubles me in several ways. For one, I was brought up by parents who are Quakers in a town where Joan Baez sang songs of peace during my adolescence: When I lack a rooster, I remember all those arguments about passive resistance and how we wouldn't kill someone who was trying to murder our mother. "I don't want to do this to you," I keep telling Jack as I try to kick him away, "really I don't." For another thing, we've always had a harmonious peaceable kingdom around here—dogs, cats and horse all interacting well. I used to feel very relaxed outside, and now I'm paranoid—with good reason. Every time I look around there's Jack, ready to make an assault.

I know you're wondering about his hens. Where are the hens? Well, Jack doesn't have any hens, and this may be the problem. If it is, either we have to get some hens, in which case my husband will probably leave me, or else we'll have to get rid of Jack, in which case I'll miss him. We acquired Jack because he wasn't getting on well with the ducks, chickens and other roosters with whom he lived at his previous home. When Gillian and Jirka Sedl offered him to us, I was happy to adopt him. All my life I've wanted a rooster.

To me, the sound of a rooster crowing is the sweetest, most good-natured hooray that the earth has to offer. I hear a full-throated crow and my spirit spirals up. Each crow is a small celebration, a round of applause—a happy ending and a promising beginning at the same time. I hear a rooster crow and I am in a French movie on the back of a bicycle, my arms around the waist of the postman who is pedaling in a wobbly fashion down a dirt road lined with tall trees.

The good side of my new relationship with Jack is that he has been crowing incessantly since the advent of warm weather. He also goes to bed quite early, around 4 p.m., which frees me to leave the house without my broom in the late afternoons and evenings. And, although cockfighting is the last thing I want to be involved in, at least we have no audience cheering and placing bets.



begin to realize this bird's fierce tenacity. We named him Jack that day, after Stanton, his rescuer.

The first time Jack the rooster attacked me I was carrying a bucket of water out to Ollie, the horse. Suddenly Jack was swarming around me as if he were trying to fly through me. I stood stunned amid a blur of feathers and squawks. I kept pushing him away, but he kept coming at me, pecking and clawing and trying to burrow in. All I could do was shriek and retreat inside the house.

At first I thought he had been enraged by my long, bright red flannel skirt; maybe he thought I was a huge rooster. I dressed my more-than-willing stepson in a red shirt and sent him out; Jack paid him no heed. Since that first attack Jack has been subjected to several tests in



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